



BATMAN[®]

WHOOTS!

A LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT
HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

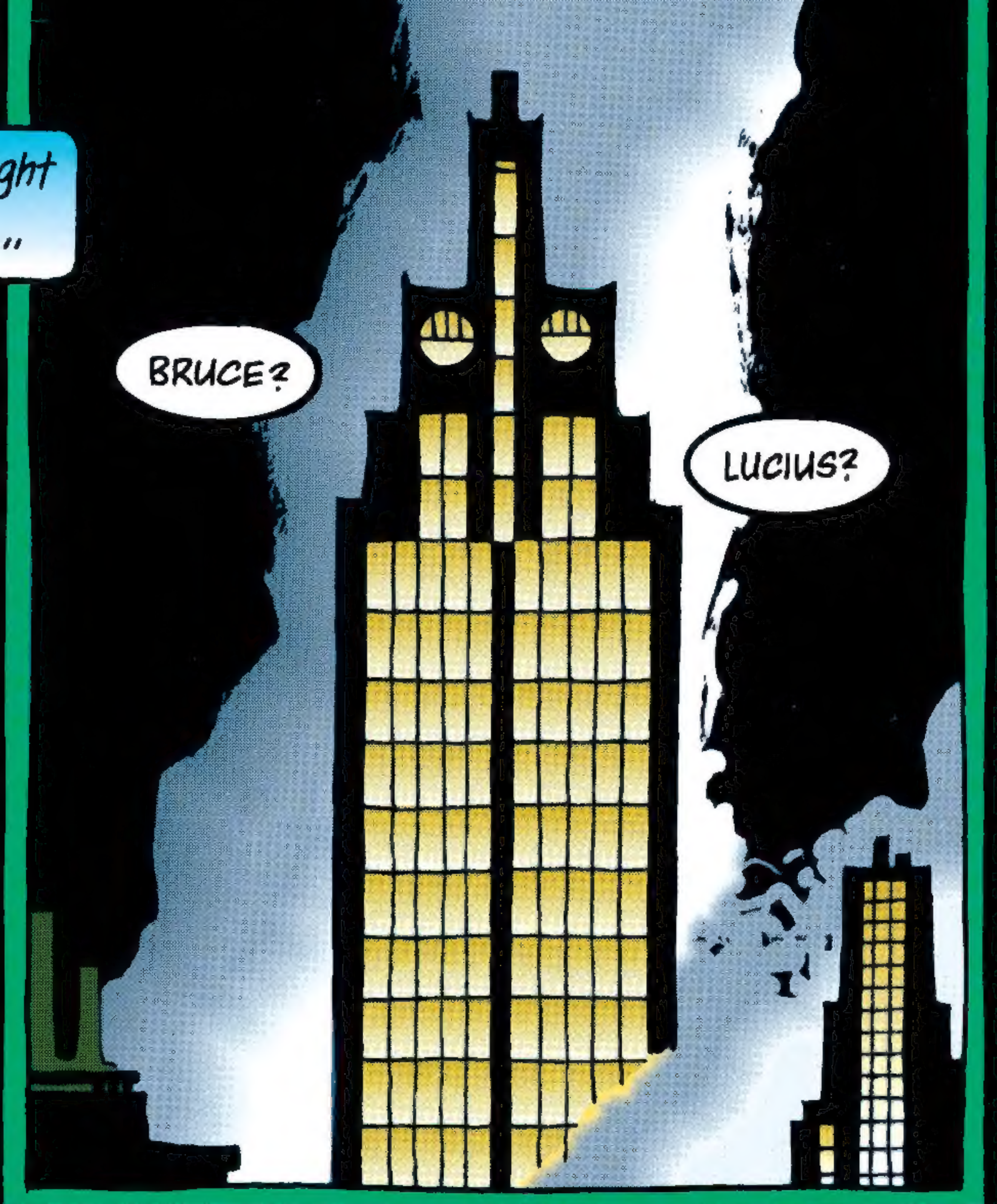
TIM
SALE
1995

JEPH LOEB • TIM SALE

It was the night before Halloween...

BRUCE?

LUCIUS?



IT'S BEEN YEARS...

NO... HAS IT?

AND NOW, HERE WE ARE, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY OF ALL PLACES.



YOU KNOW WHAT I WISH?

HMMM?

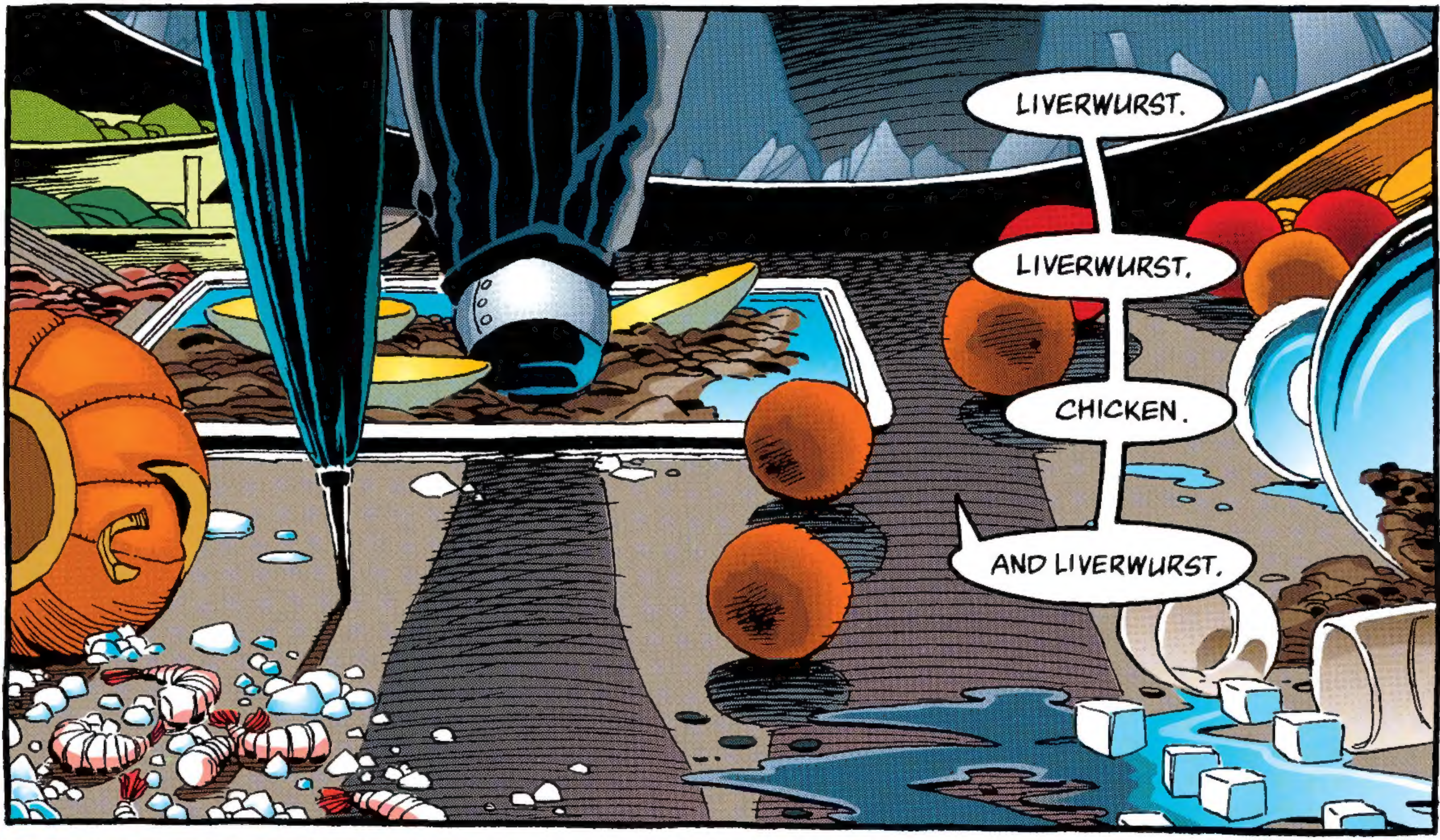
I WISH YOU'D TAKEN ME UP ON THAT OFFER.

THE THINGS WE COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.



I... OFTEN FIND MYSELF WITH MISSED OPPORTUNITIES, LUCIUS.

DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.



While attending another
in the endless array of
charitable functions I
endure...

...the unexpected
happens with a
terrible swiftness.

Despite his...unnatural appearance, Halloween has not begun a night early.

Disfigured since childhood, Oswald Chesterfield Cobblepot now bears the horrific resemblance of his chosen namesake:

The Penguin

HOW...
DISAPPOINTING.

DESPITE THE
MONETARY WHEREWITHAL
TO INDULGE ONE'S
PALATE --

-- YOUR
EPICUREAN TASTES
RUN TO THE
MUNDANE.

WHILE I, ON
THE OTHER HAND,
INTEND TO FILL MY
GULLET--



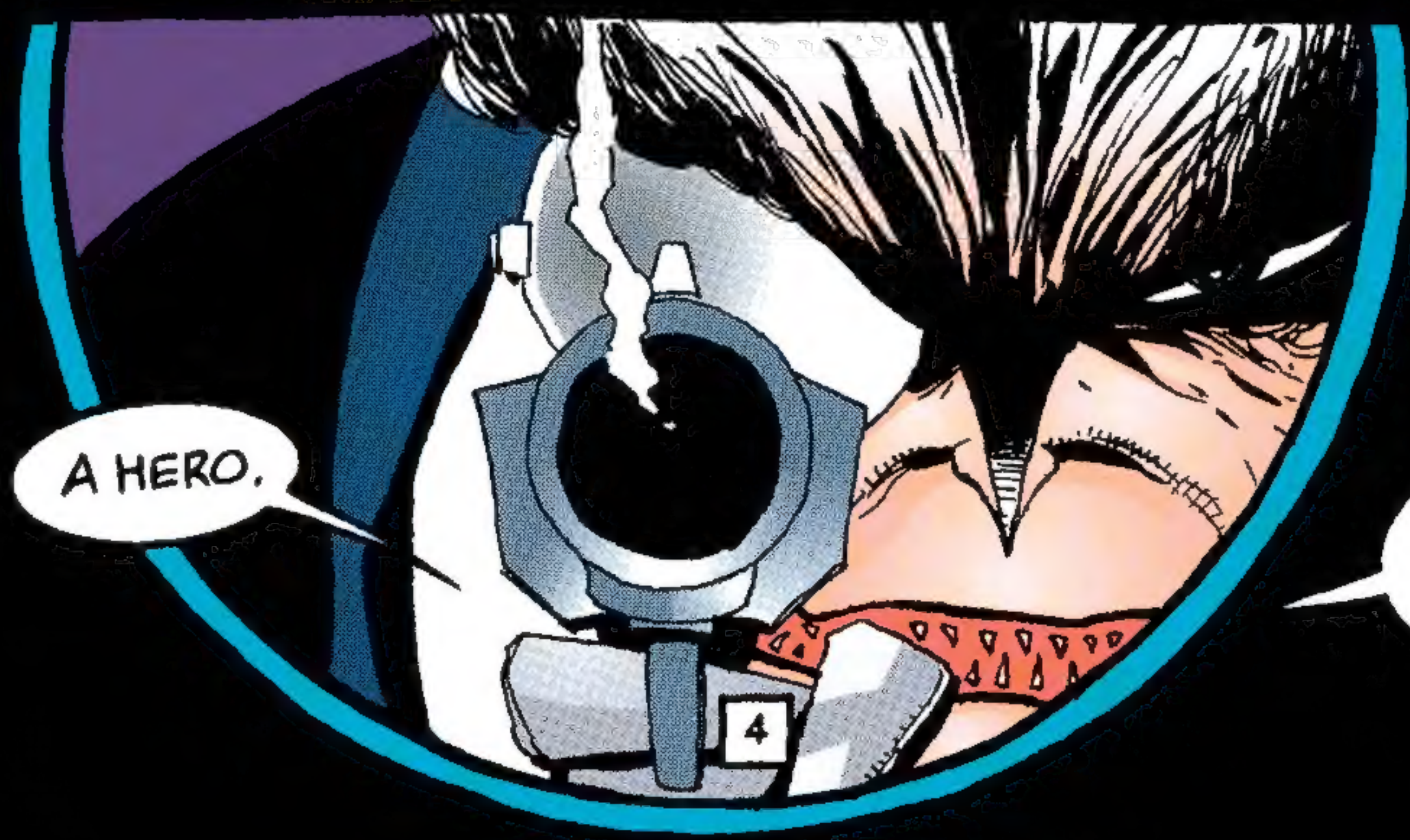
--UNTIL I
HAVE FETED MY
RAVENOUS
APPETITE!

BLAM
BLAM!
BLAM!

KCHOW KCHOW KCHOW KCHOW

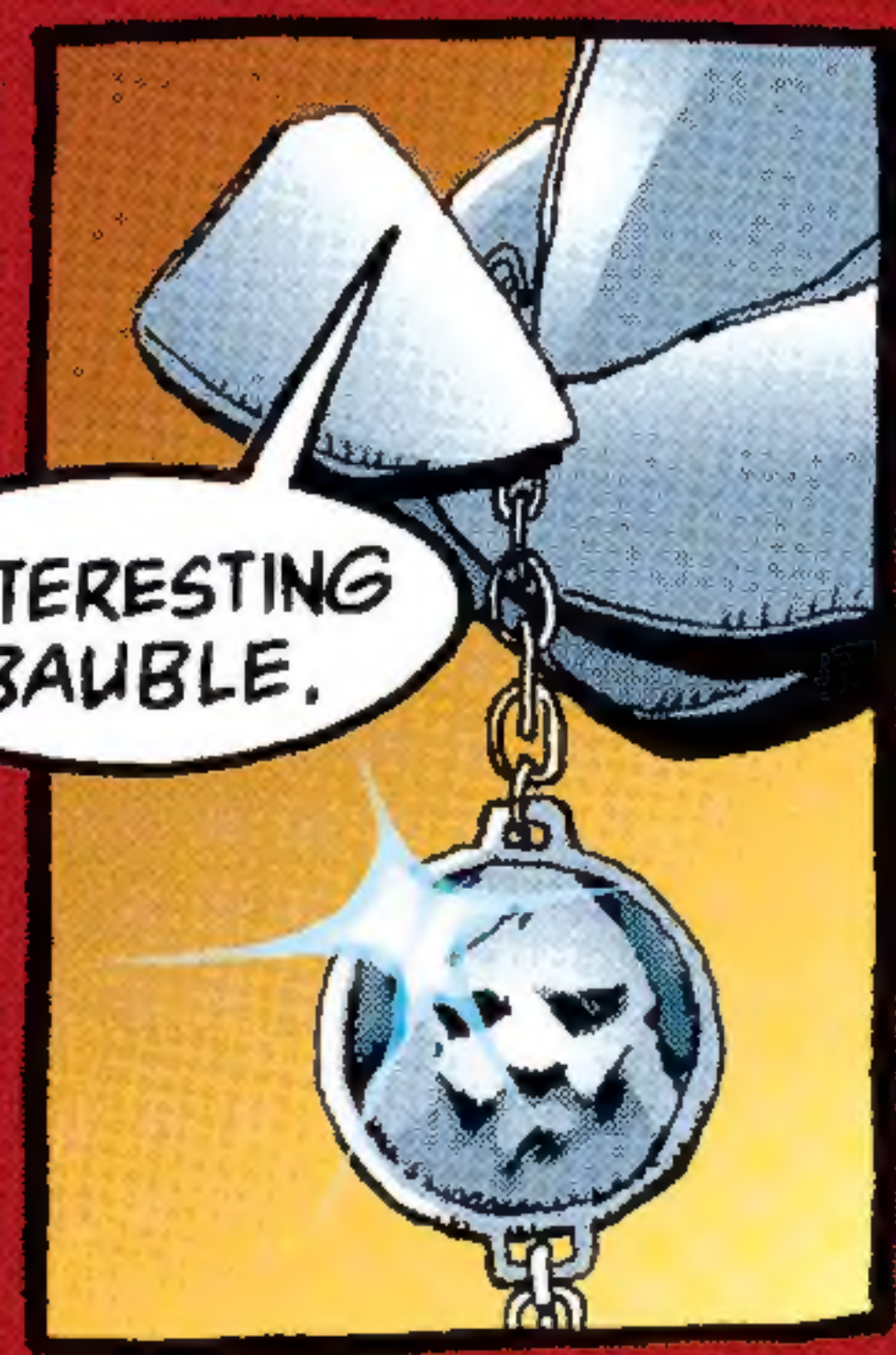
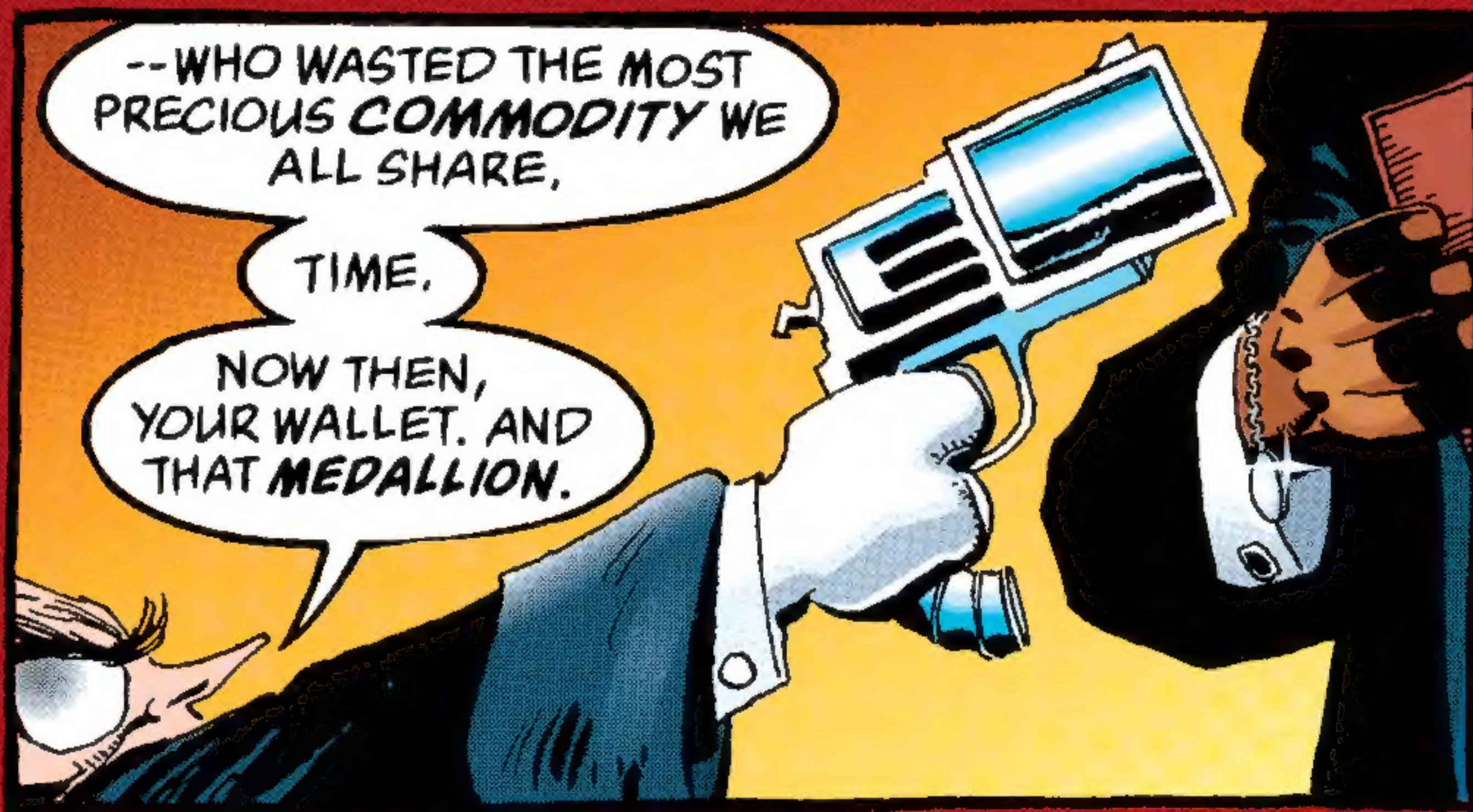
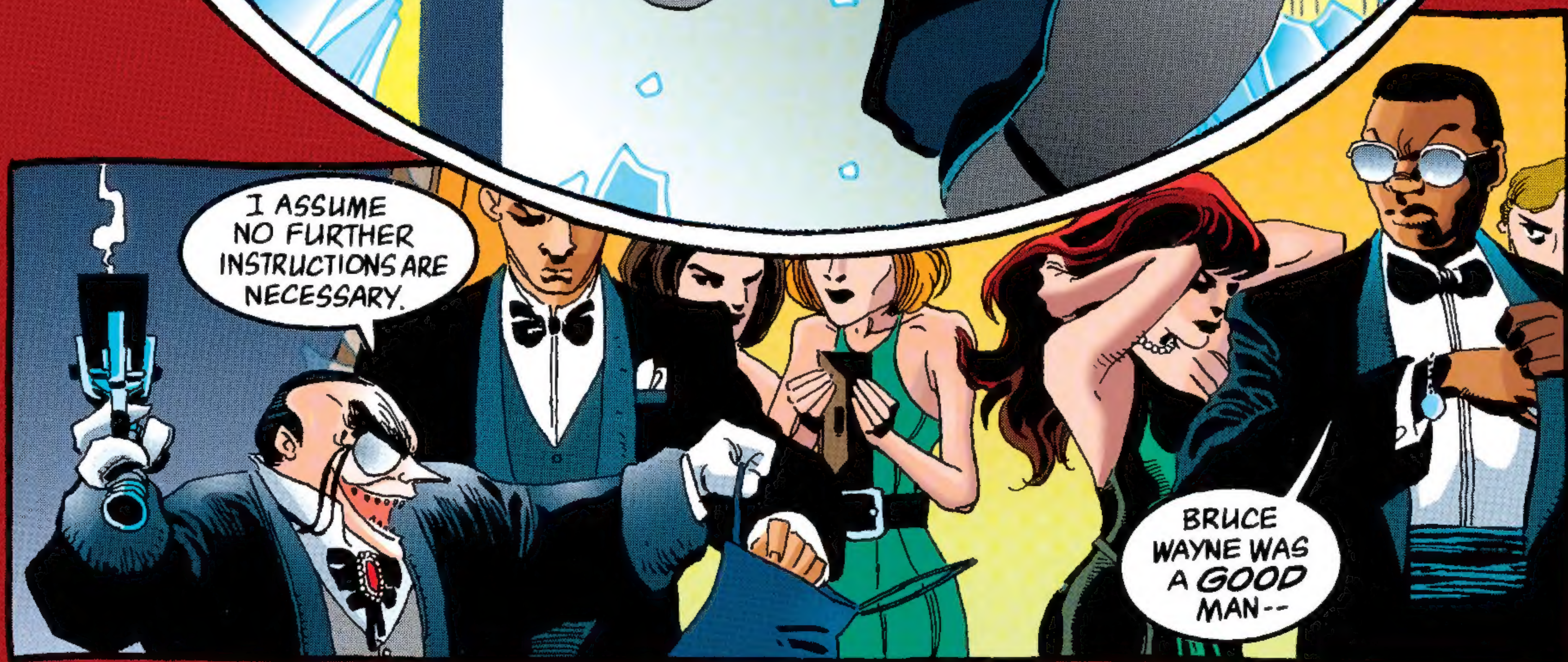


EVERYONE!
DOWN!



A HERO.

ONE
IN EVERY
CROWD.





The grand entrance
is intentional.

I want Penguin's
attention focused
only on me.

Hopefully, minimizing
the casualties to one--

--the Penguin himself.

AHH...THE
BATMAN.

WHILE I HAVE
AN **AFFECTION** FOR
MOST FLYING
CREATURES--

--THE WINGED
RAT IS **NOT** AMONG
THEM.

DROP
THE GUN.

NOW.

The demand was
unnecessary.

The singular solution
is striking quickly.



Relentlessly.



Some would say...



...savagely.



Innocent lives are at stake.

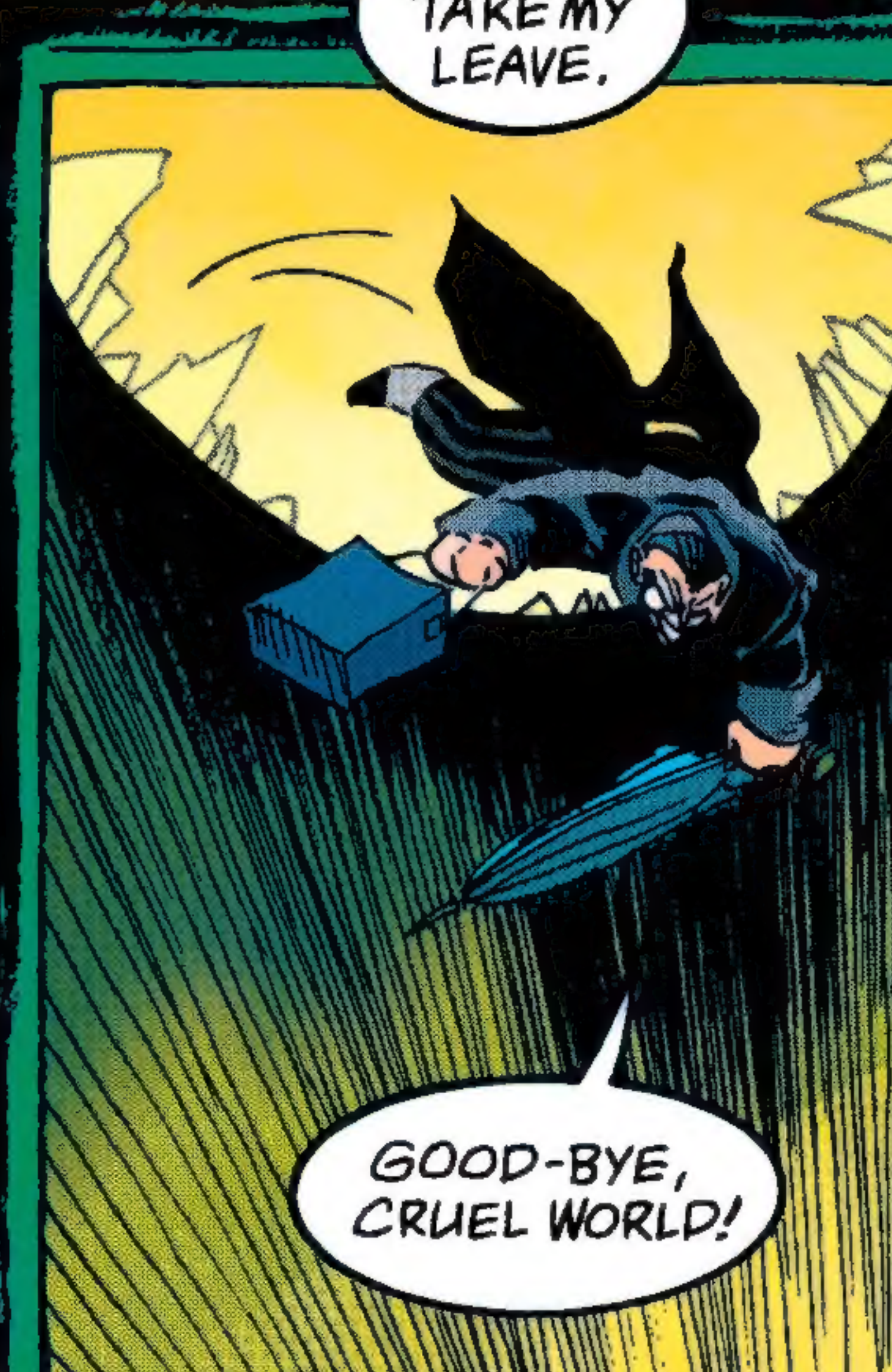
Almost any means justifies the ends.

WHEN PARTAKING IN PURE FISTICUFFS--

--YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE.

AND RATHER THAN SUFFER THE INDIGNITY OF ANOTHER DEFEAT--

-- I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE.



GOOD-BYE, CRUEL WORLD!



A cobalt-driven single-stroke portable jet engine. Capable of accelerating to a three G-force.

Alfred informed me of the theft of a prototype from Gotham's Primatex Laboratories while updating the computer.

EH?

In other words...

...THIS PENGUIN FLIES!



YOU
BLITHERING
IDIOT!

WITH
YOUR ADDED
WEIGHT--

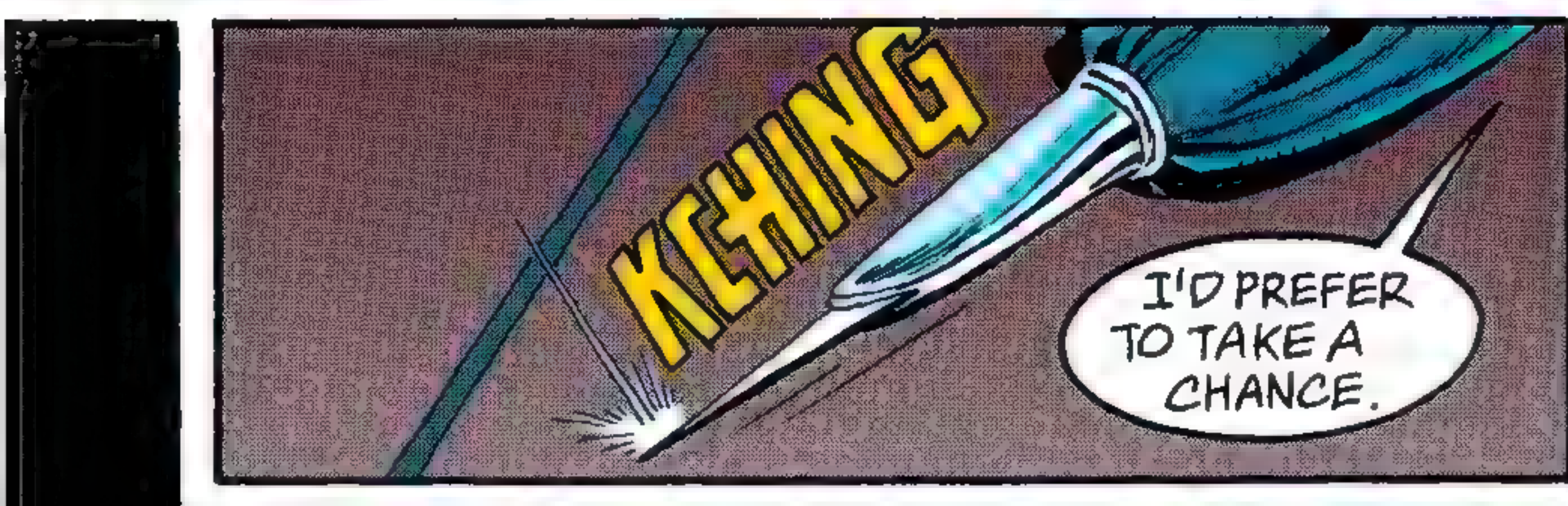
--YOU'LL
KILL US
BOTH!



OR.

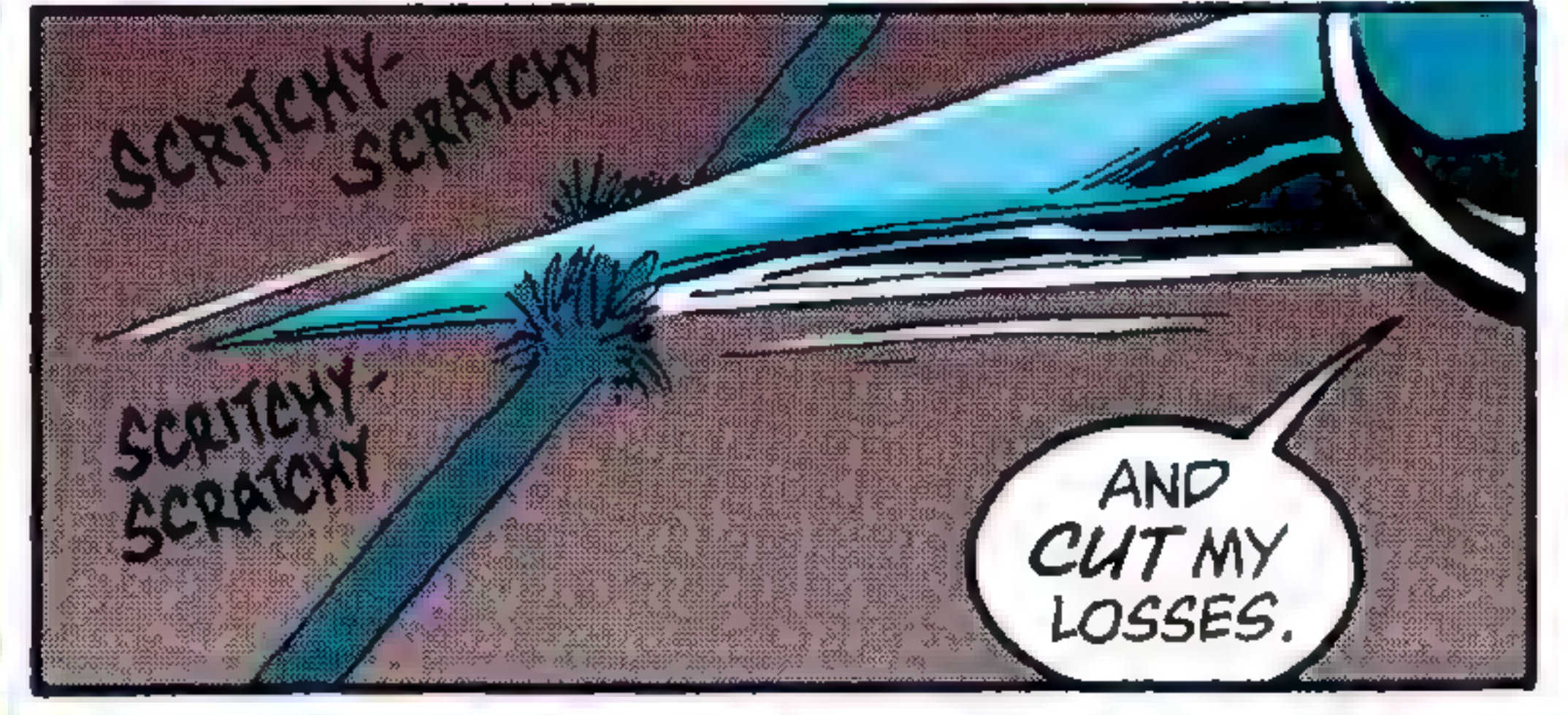
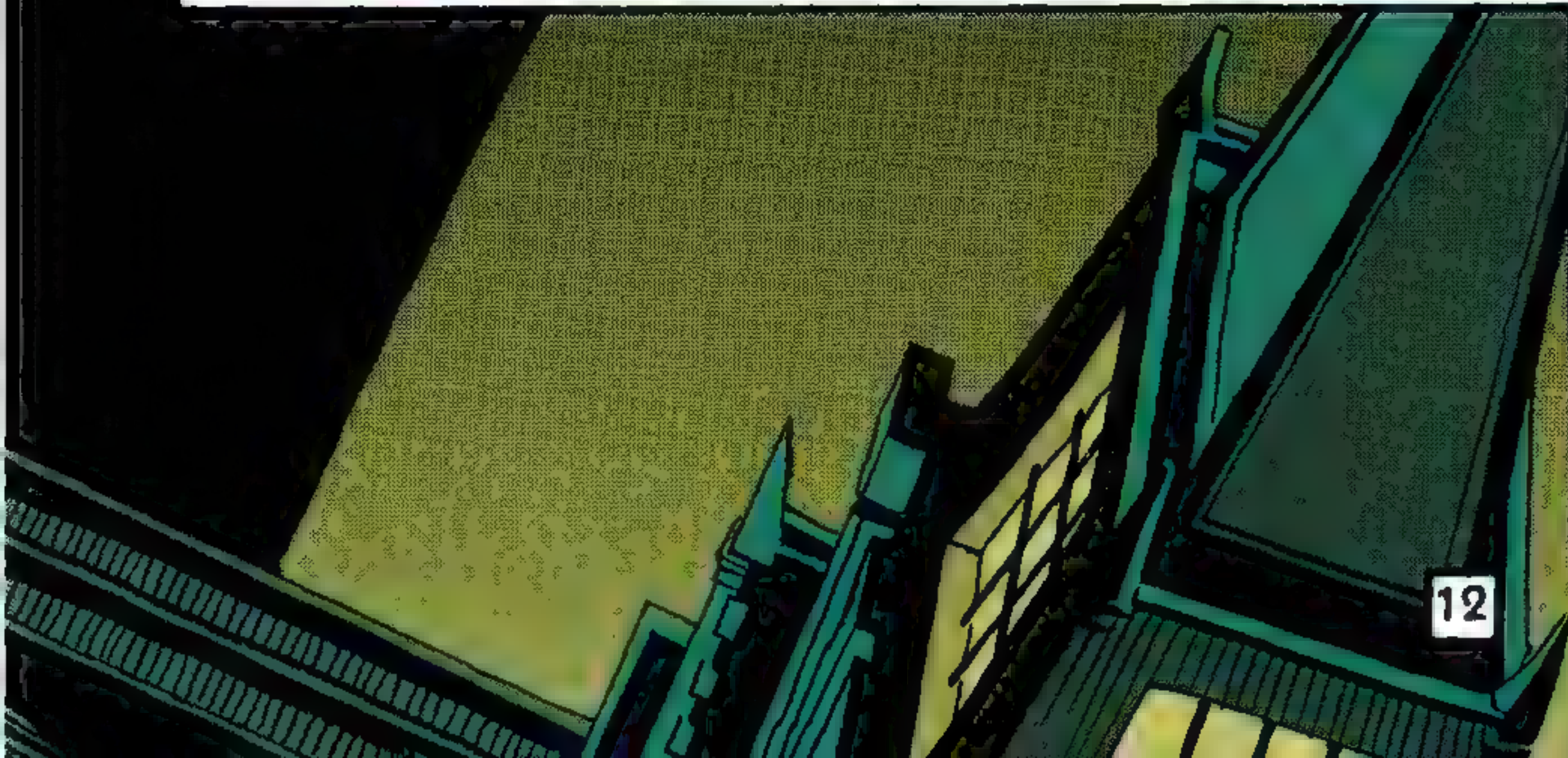
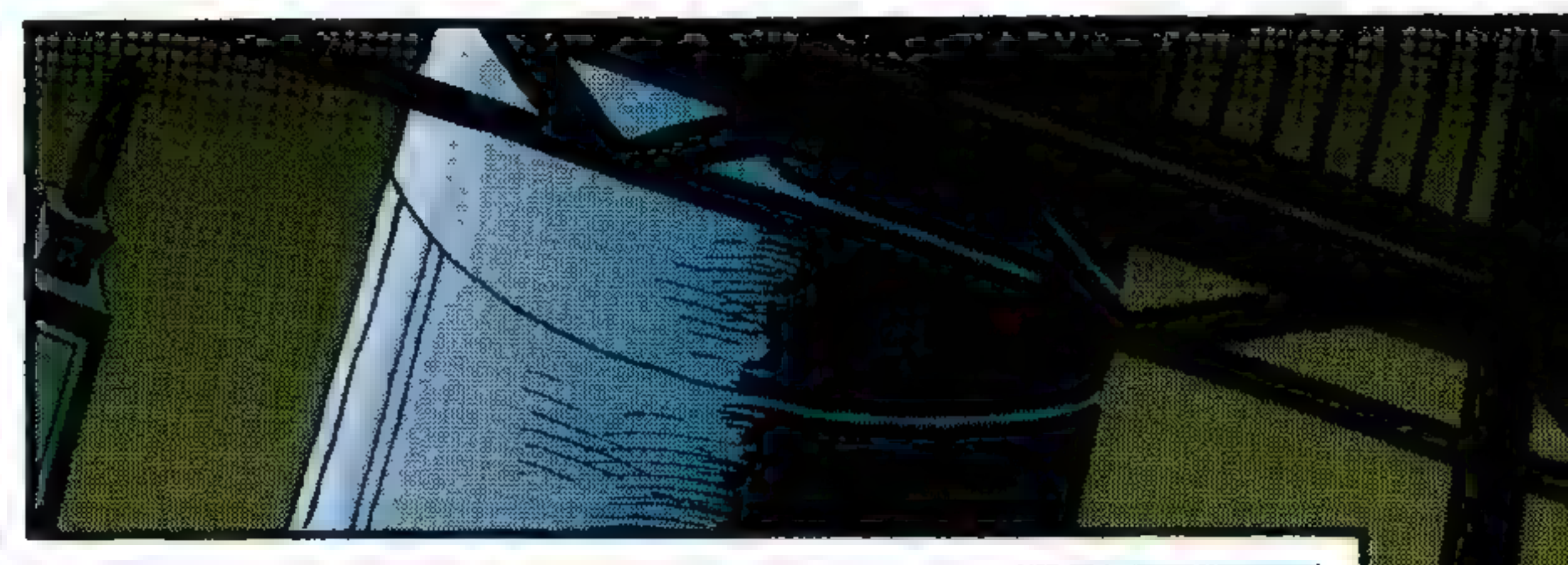
LAND
SAFELY.

IMMEDIATELY.



KCHING

I'D PREFER
TO TAKE A
CHANCE.



SCRATCHY-
SCRATCHY

SCRATCHY-
SCRATCHY

AND
CUT MY
LOSSES.


The Penguin's
uncooperative
choice is not
unexpected.

His overinflated
ego defines his
actions--

--limiting his ability
to see the reasonable
alternative--

--and leading to an
extremely painful
conclusion.

It is a luxury
I cannot afford
for myself.

A full-page comic book illustration. Batman, in his iconic suit with a black and grey color scheme and a yellow utility belt, stands in the center. He is holding a glowing orange pumpkin with a carved jack-o'-lantern face. His black cape flows out behind him, and he is looking down at the pumpkin. The background shows a city street at night with tall buildings and yellow light from windows. In the lower left, a man in a blue suit is hanging upside down by his ankles from a rope. A circular inset in the lower right shows a close-up of a hand holding a chain with a pumpkin-shaped medallion.

As the protector
of Gotham City's
residents--

-- justice must
be blind.

Expedient.

And
severe.

I have learned that my
decisions cannot be
encumbered by one's
personal indulgences.

Waugh...!

Wayne Manor.

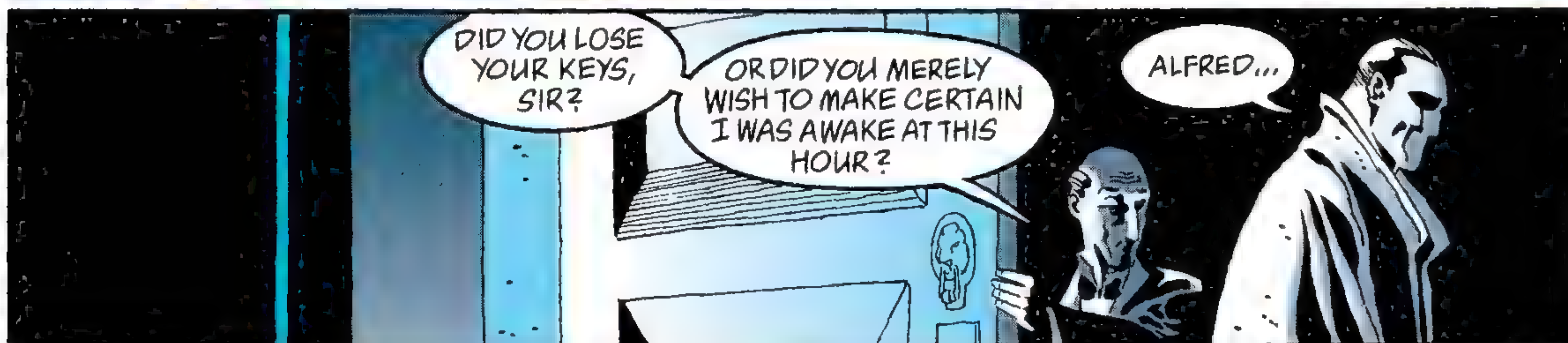
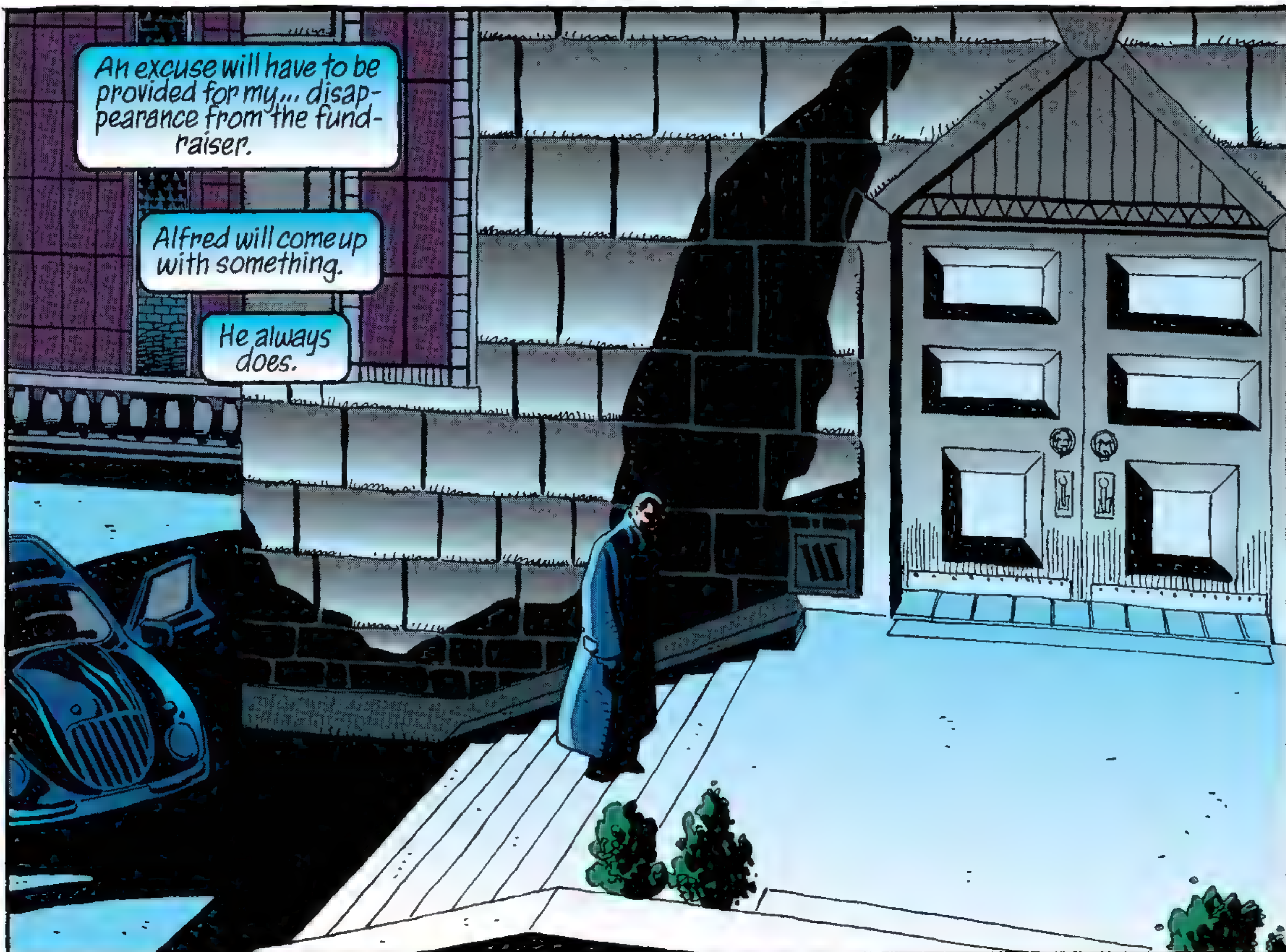
My father's home.

No matter how long I live here, I will always think of it as that.

An excuse will have to be provided for my... disappearance from the fundraiser.

Alfred will come up with something.

He always does.





CAN I INTEREST
YOU IN A FRESH BOWL
OF CONSOMME,
MASTER BRUCE?

I IMAGINE THEY
ONLY HAD THAT ODOROUS
LIVERWURST PATE EVERY-
ONE SEEMS TO BE
SERVING.

SHRIMP.

YOU HAVEN'T
TAKEN TO NAME-
CALLING, HAVE
YOU, SIR?

OR ARE
YOU REFERRING
TO THE MENU?

I,,, WOULDN'T
HAVE THOUGHT TO
SERVE SHELLFISH
AT THIS TIME OF
YEAR.



NOW THAT YOU
MENTION IT, I MIGHT'VE
EATEN SOMETHING--

--THAT
DIDN'T
AGREE
WITH
ME.



IF YOU *PROMISE*
THAT YOU WON'T BE
TRAIPSING OUT AGAIN
THIS EVENING--

--I'LL SEE TO
IT YOU ARE NOT
DISTURBED UNTIL
MORNING.

Can't
sleep.

Feverish.

Perhaps that
accounts for
what I saw--

--or thought
I saw--

--on the
front
door...



Good evening.

Bruce.

...FATHER...?



NO!

THIS IS SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A HALLOWEEN JOKE--

--A PERVERSE PRANK!



Do not waste the brief time we have by denying my existence before you.

Look, instead, long and hard at the weight I carry now.

These chains I wear I forged in life.

Link by link, yard by yard, I made this burden.

Obsessed with my medical practice, I lost sight of what was truly important.

YOU'RE WRONG! MY FATHER SAVED LIVES!

HE WAS A GREAT MAN!

Bruce...

I have risked much by coming to you and have done so out of love.

I pray I am not too late.

Your obsession with Batman--

--creates an even greater and more thunderous chain!

Tonight, beginning
when the clock strikes
"one"--

--you will be visited
by the first of three
spirits.

Heed their
warnings, my
son.

HEED THEIR
WARNINGS!

HOW
DARE
YOU...!

HOW DARE
YOU BREAK INTO
MY HOME--

--DEFILE
THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER!

I... I've been dreaming.

The fever.

There is
no other
explanation...



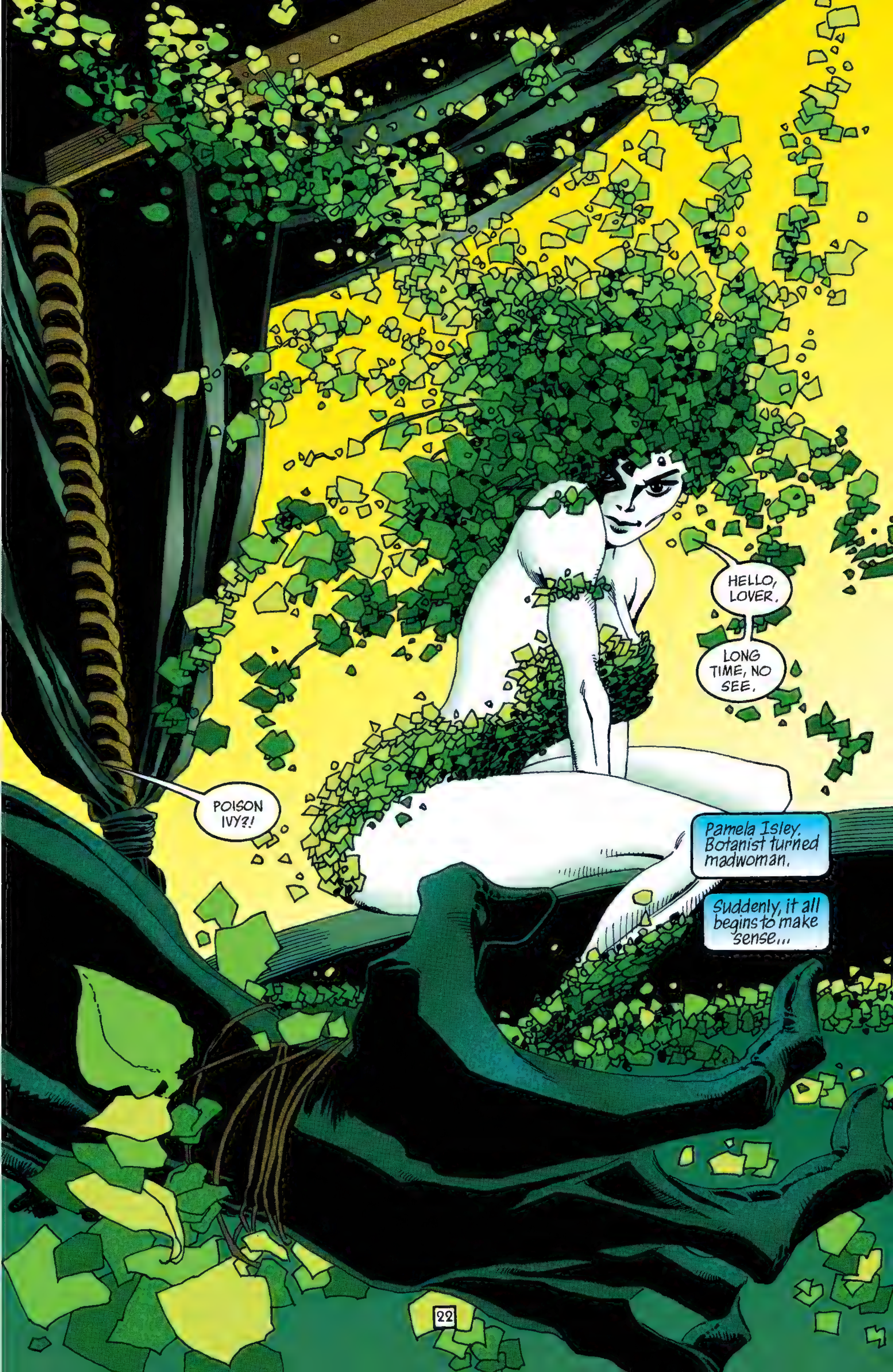
BONG



WHAT?

THE
CLOCK
...?

WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE?!



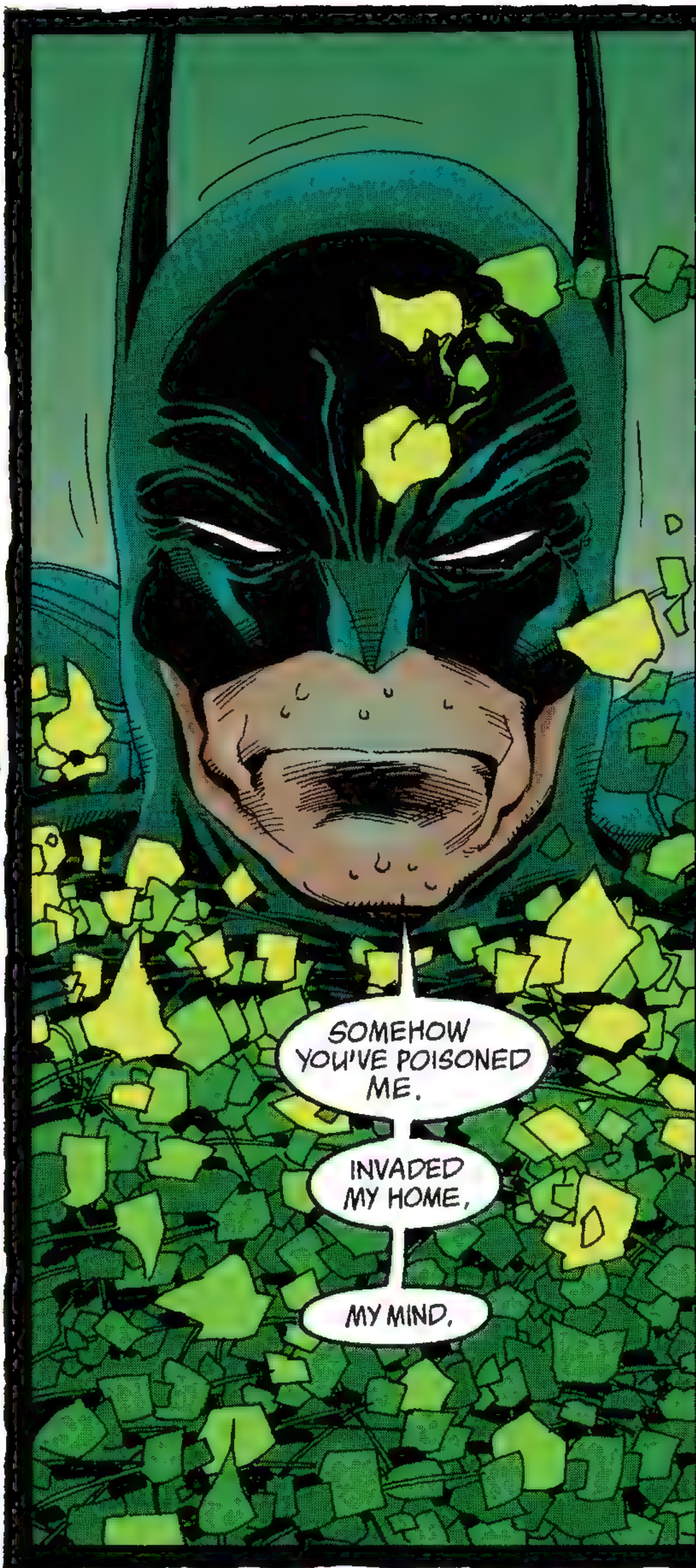
POISON
IVY?!

HELLO,
LOVER.

LONG
TIME, NO
SEE.

Pamela Isley.
Botanist turned
madwoman.

Suddenly, it all
begins to make
sense...



SOMEHOW
YOU'VE POISONED
ME.

INVADED
MY HOME,

MY MIND,



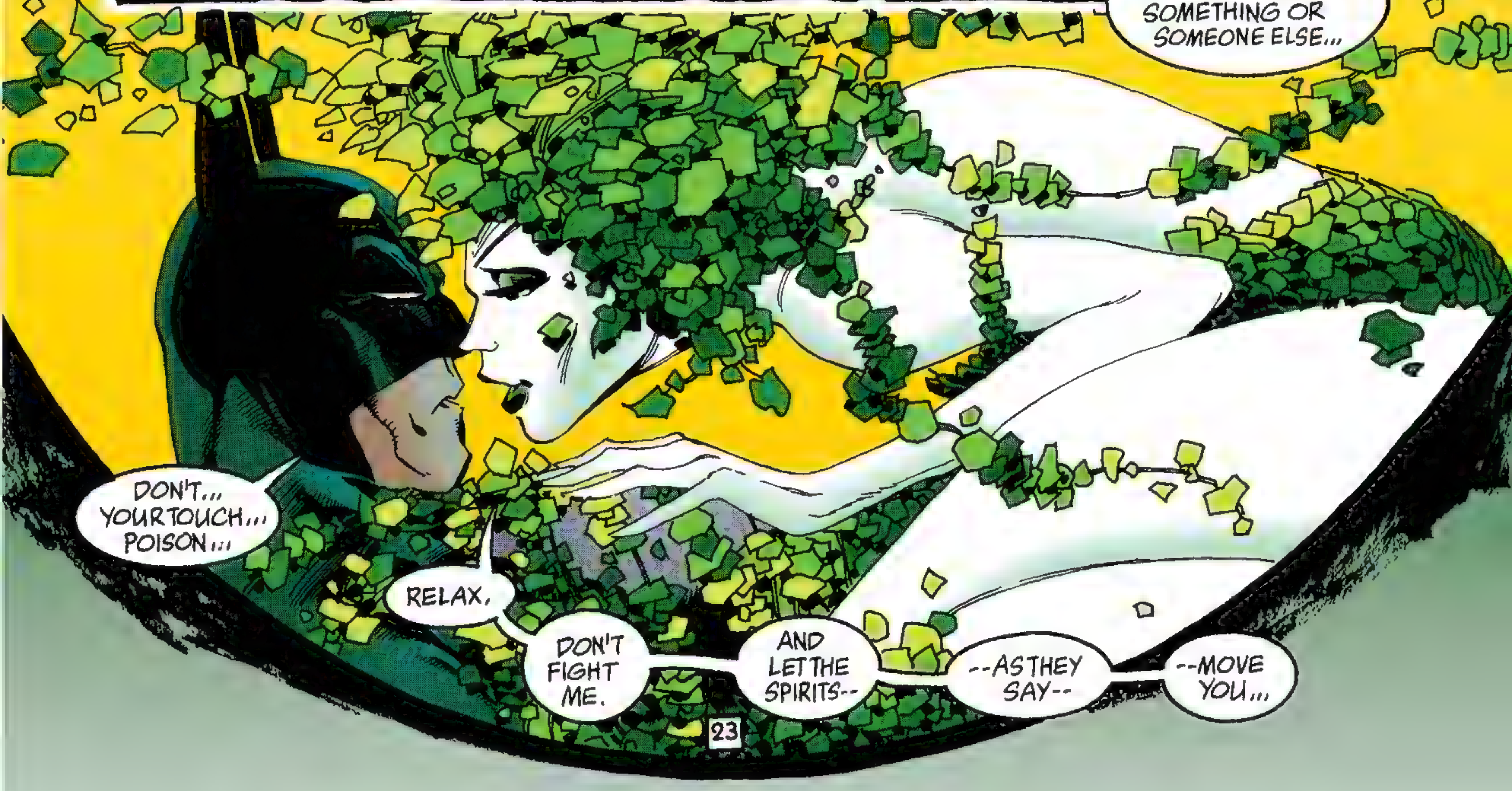
I'M FLATTERED BY THE
ACCUSATION, BUT I'M MERELY
A PLAYER THIS EVENING--

--AND NOT
THE PILOT.

THE **REAL** PAMELA
ISLEY IS LOCKED SAFELY
AWAY IN ARKHAM WHERE
YOU PUT HER.

WE SPIRITS MERELY
CHOSE THESE FORMS
BECAUSE OF WHO
YOU ARE.

TO OTHERS WE
MIGHT APPEAR AS
SOMETHING OR
SOMEONE ELSE...



DON'T...
YOUR TOUCH...
POISON!!!

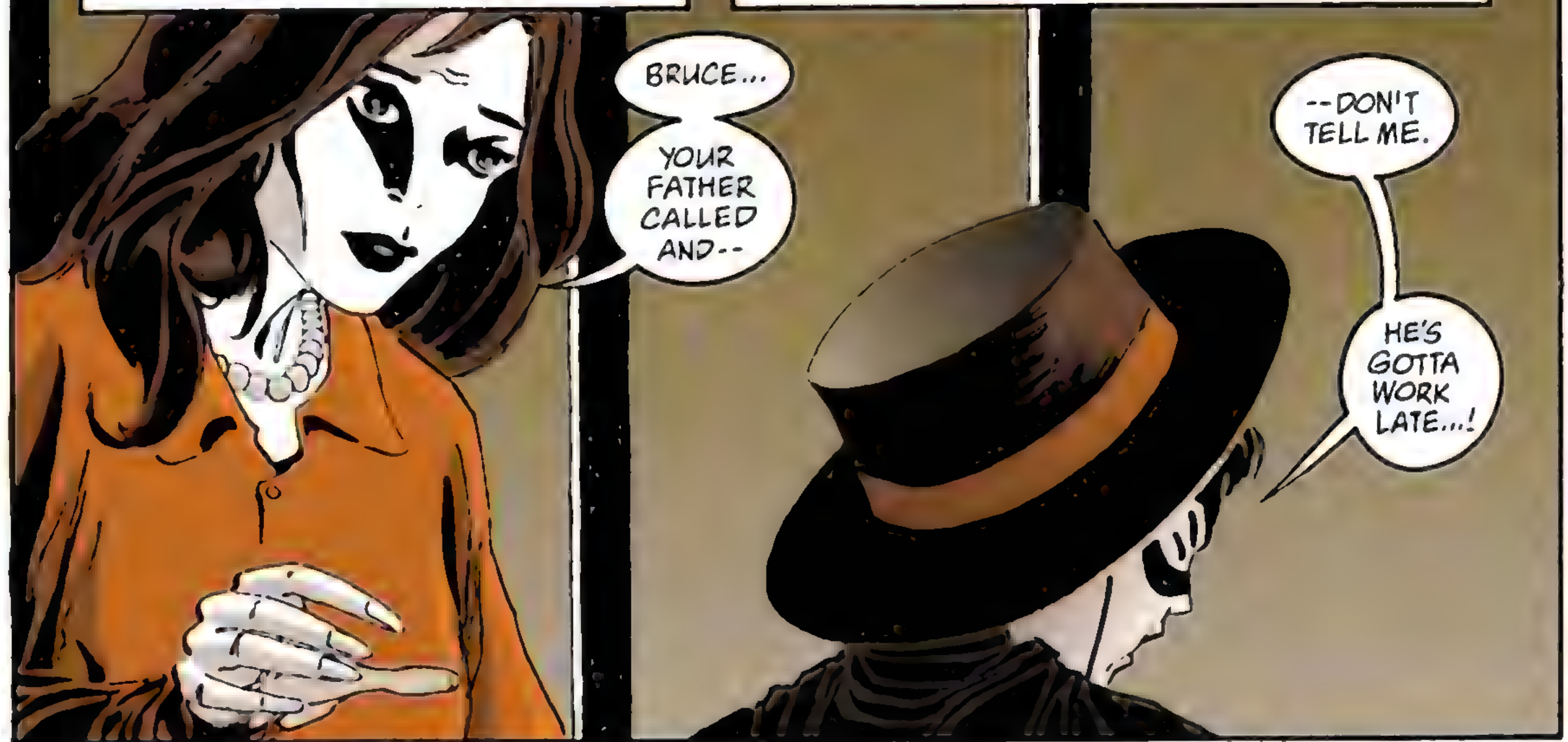
RELAX,

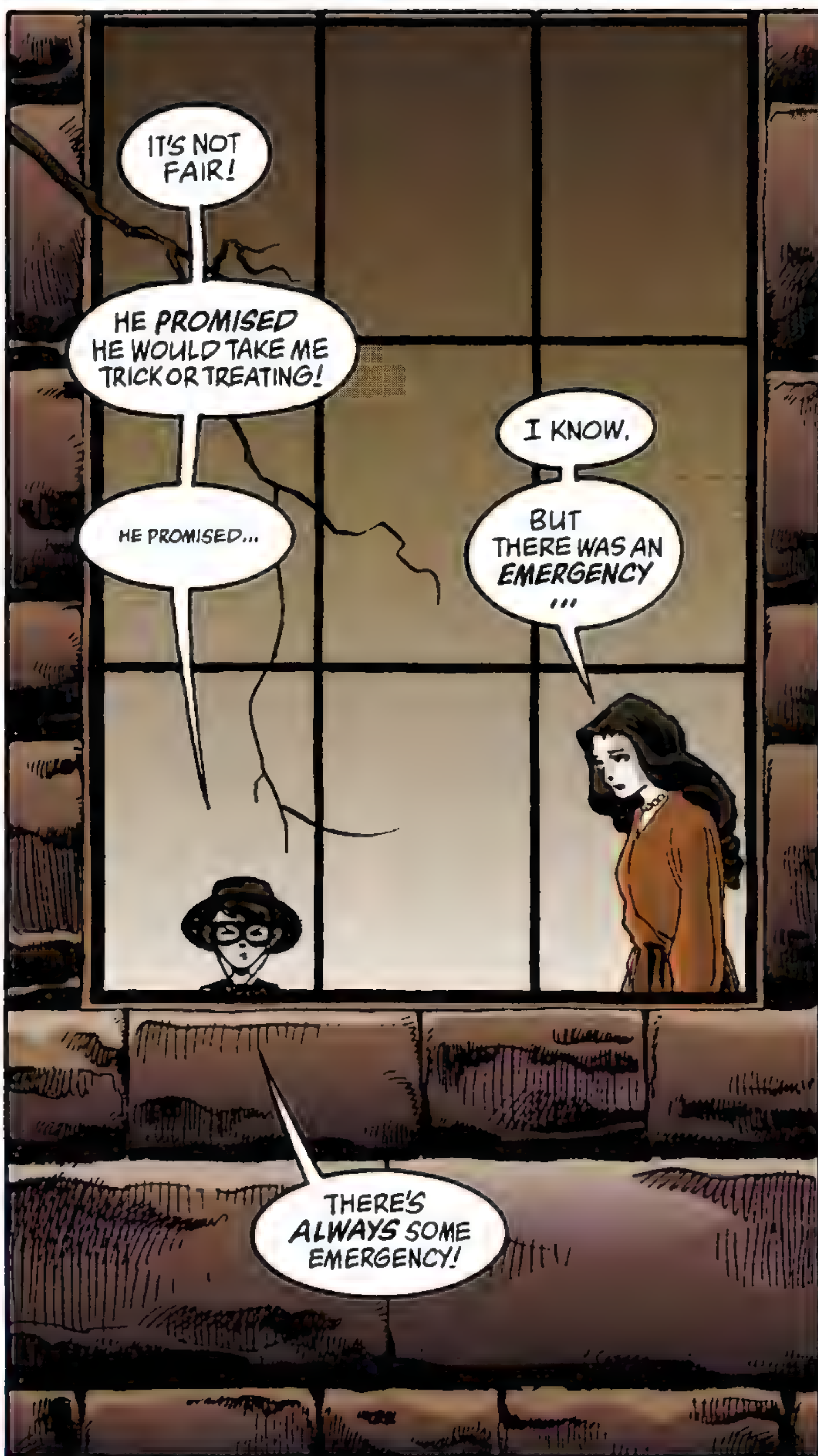
DON'T
FIGHT
ME.

AND
LET THE
SPIRITS--

--AS THEY
SAY--

--MOVE
YOU...





IT'S NOT FAIR!

HE PROMISED HE WOULD TAKE ME TRICK OR TREATING!

HE PROMISED...

I KNOW.

BUT THERE WAS AN EMERGENCY ...

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME EMERGENCY!



YOUR DAD WANTED TO BE THERE -- IF HE COULD, ONLY --

BATMAN.

THEY CANNOT SEE OR HEAR YOU.



I'M GONNA WAIT FOR HIM.

EVEN IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!

BRUCE, I COULD TAKE YOU OUT MYSELF.

OR, WE CAN CALL SOME OF THE OTHER CHILDREN AT SCHOOL AND GO OUT WITH THEM.

SHE... DOESN'T KNOW...



THERE ARE
NO OTHER KIDS
TO CALL.

I HAVE
NO FRIENDS
AT SCHOOL.

BRUCE...

IVY.

THIS HAS
GONE ON LONG
ENOUGH.



WHATEVER
SPELL YOU
PUT ME
UNDER--

--YOU'VE
MADE YOUR
POINT.



REALLY.



I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE GOING
TO FIND THIS
EVENING WON'T
WORK LIKE
THAT.



WE HAVE...
MUCH MORE
AHEAD OF US...

"...IN THE PAST..."

Paris.
Notre Dame.

I came here
after my
parents died...

IVY.
WHY ARE WE
HERE?

SHH...
PATIENCE.

IS
EVERYTHING
YOU DO DONE
IN A HURRY?

That's... Lucius Fox...
only younger...

RIEN DE JEUX.
LE PRIX
SEULMENT.

TON ARGENT,
AMERICAIN.

HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING--

--TO STOP
THEM!



YOU DO.

REMEMBER?

Again... that's me!

I'd... forgotten how...

...reckless I could be back then.



WHAT YOU LACKED
IN POLISH, YOU CERTAINLY
MADE UP FOR IN
EFFECTIVENESS.

I WAS...LEARNING.
WITHOUT WEAPONS OR
A COSTUME.

FOOLISH,
REALLY.

AS OPPOSED TO
SAILING ACROSS GOTHAM
CITY WITH THE PENGUIN?

HOW COULD
YOU KNOW ABOUT
THAT?

HOW COULD
YOU KNOW ABOUT
ANY OF THIS?!

YOUR
THINGS.



TH-THANKS. YOU'RE
AN AMERICAN, HUH?

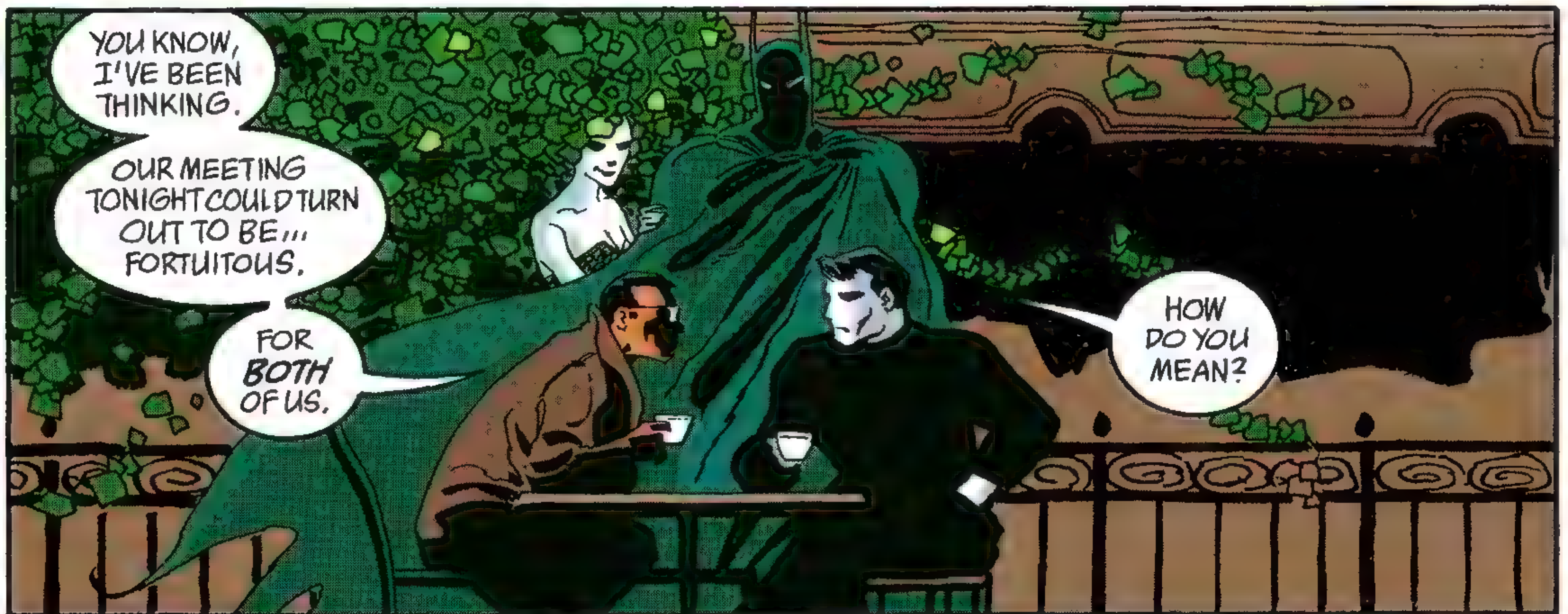
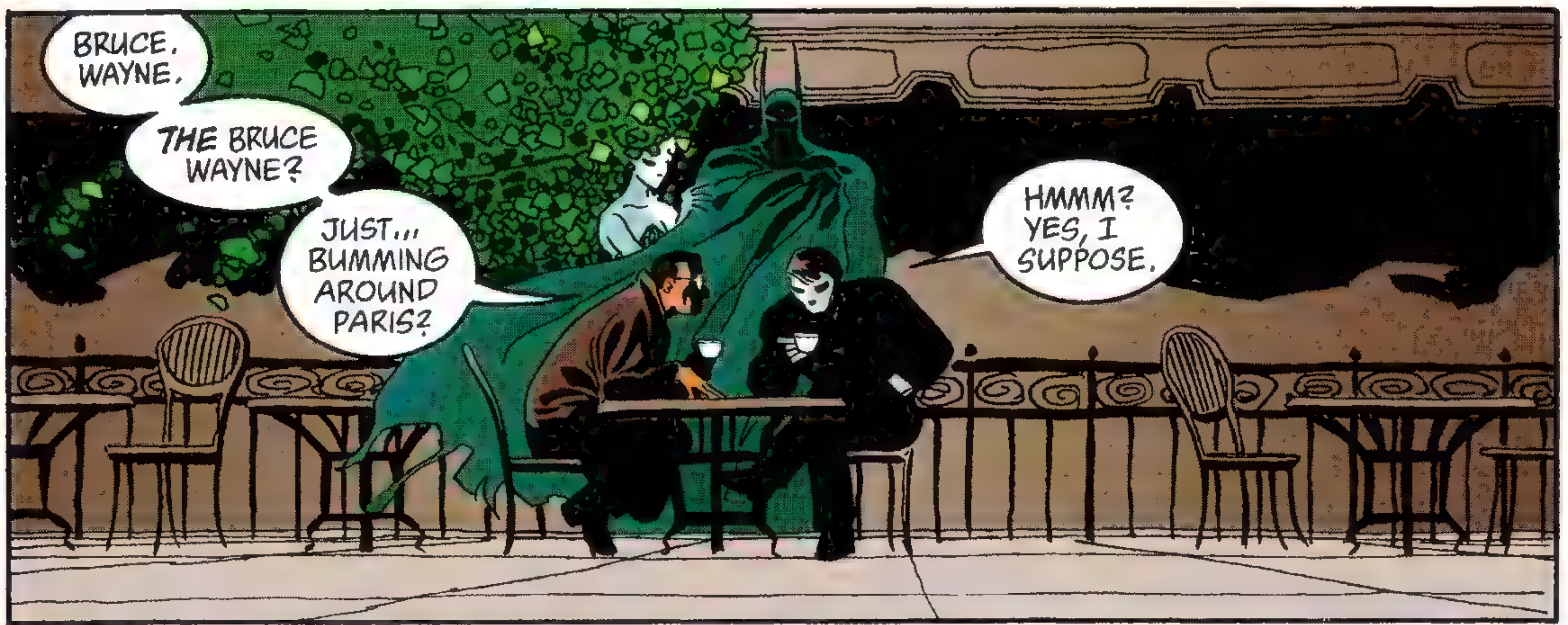


STAY OUT OF
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
AT NIGHT.

IT'S
DANGEROUS.

WAIT!

LET ME
AT LEAST BUY
YOU DINNER...







Awake...!

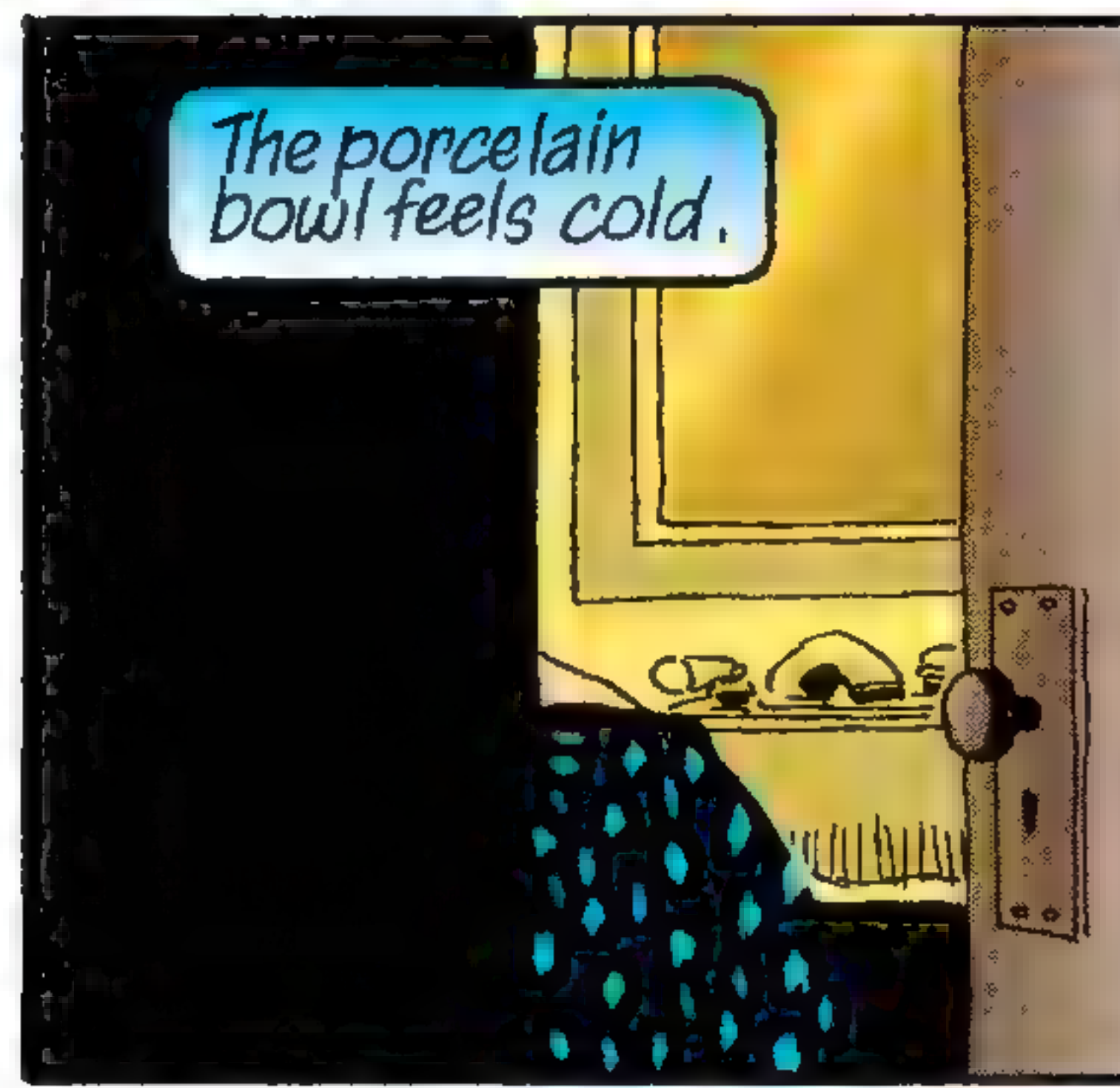


HOME.

IN MY BED.

ALL OF IT...
SOME KIND OF
NIGHTMARE...

...THE
SHRIMP
I ATE...



The porcelain
bowl feels cold.



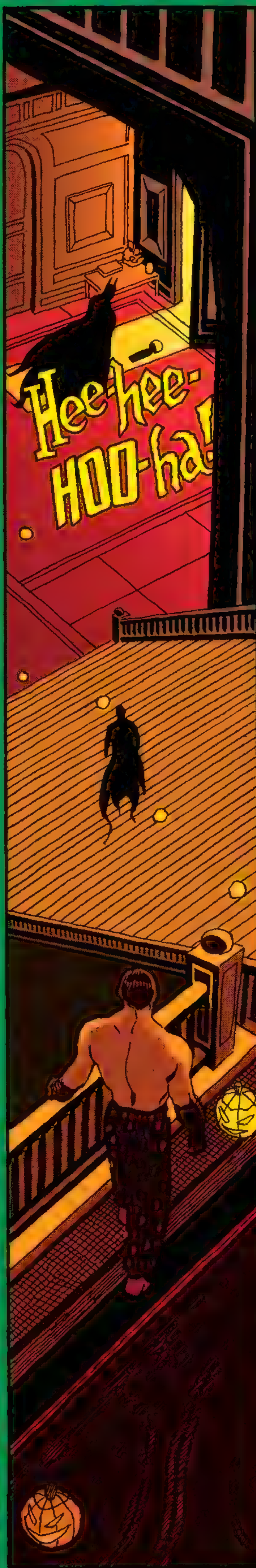
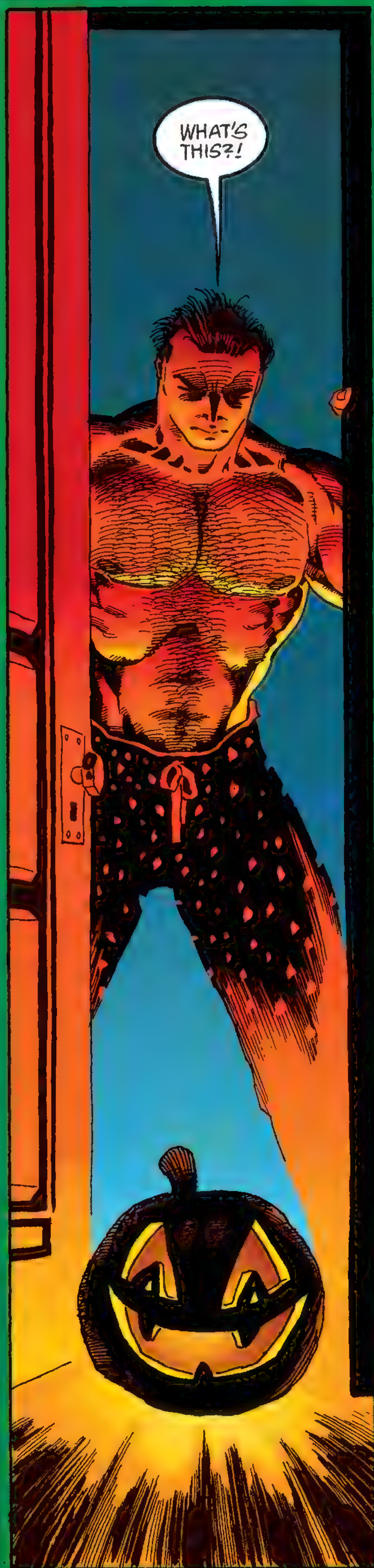
My head
feels hot.



BONG
BONG



Laughter?





Joker.
Joker.
JOKER!

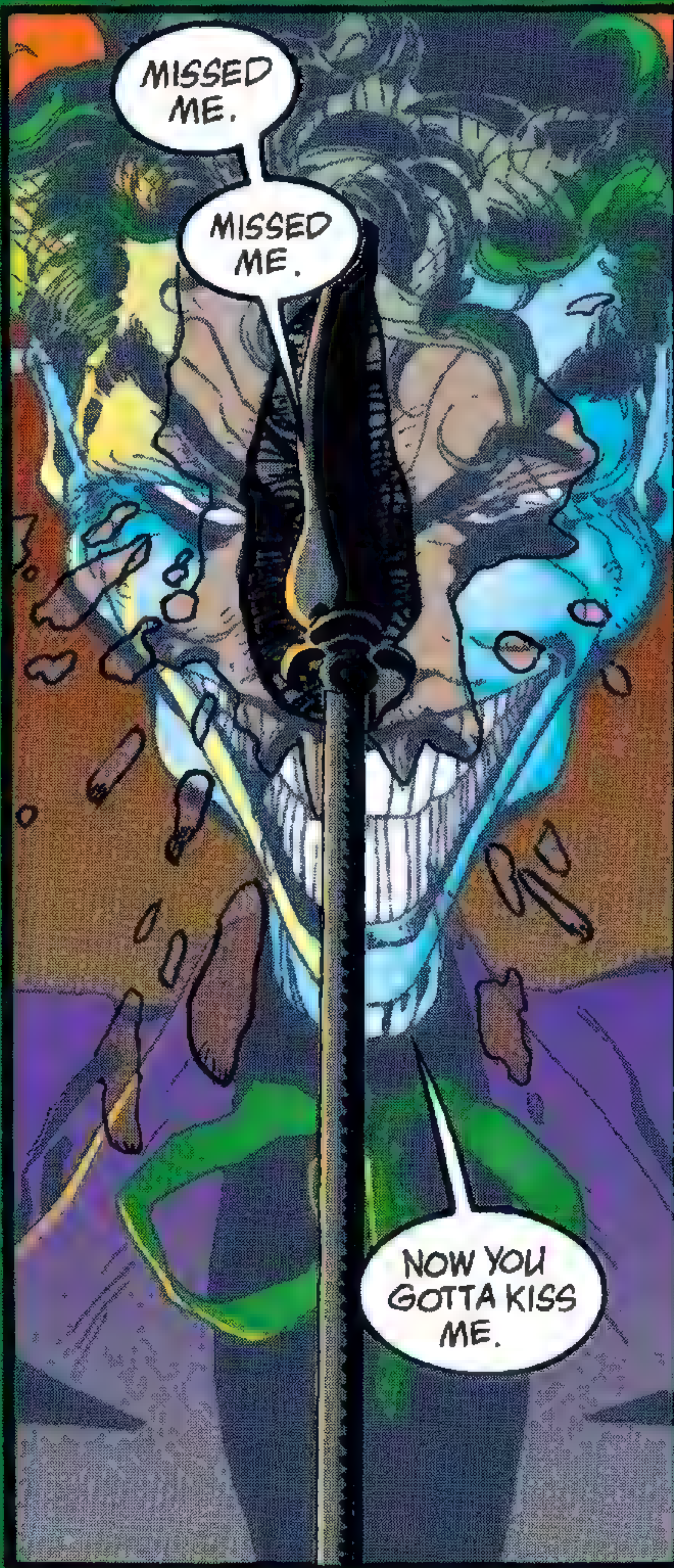
Hee-Hoo-
ha-ha-haa--
HEEEEEEe~

heh.



ooo.

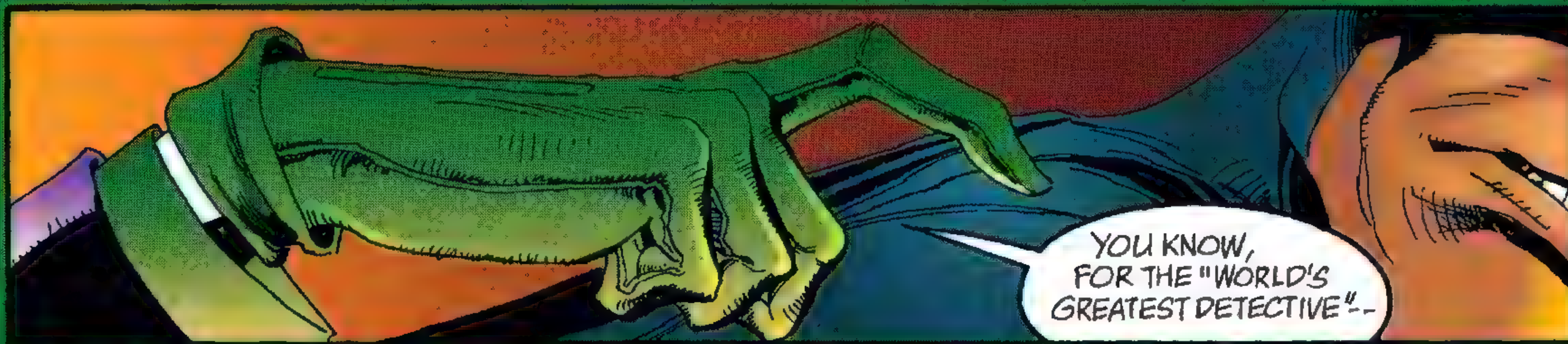
ROUGH-HOUSING.



MISSED ME.

MISSED ME.

NOW YOU GOTTA KISS ME.



YOU KNOW, FOR THE "WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE"--



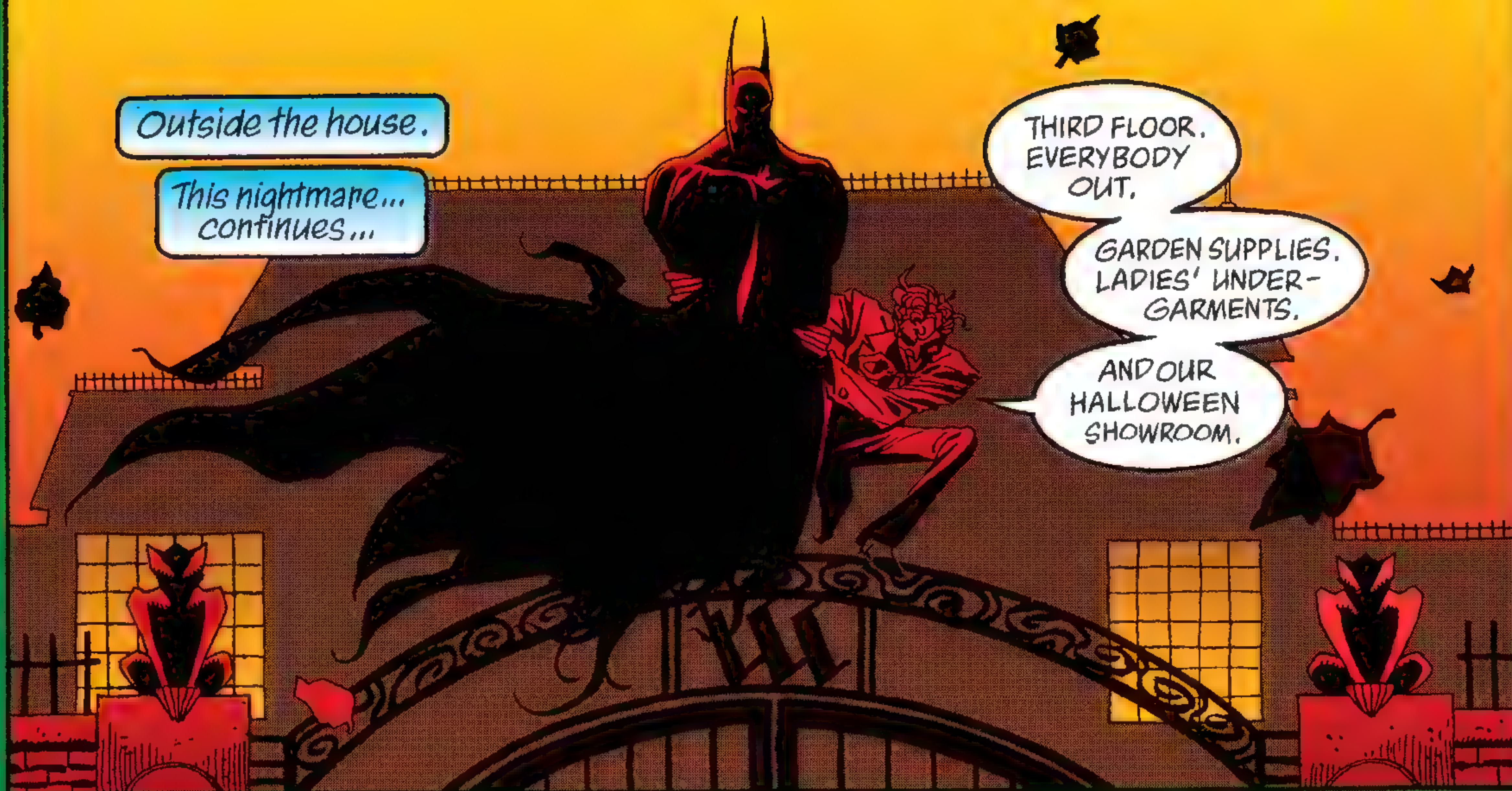
--YOU SURE ARE HAVING TROUBLE GETTING IT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL THAT YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME.

I MEAN, NO POINT IN BEATING A DEAD HORSE, BATTY, OLD BOY.

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF HORSE MEAT.

Another one of those...

...spirits?



Outside the house.

This nightmare...
continues...

THIRD FLOOR.
EVERYBODY
OUT.

GARDEN SUPPLIES.
LADIES' UNDER-
GARMENTS.

AND OUR
HALLOWEEN
SHOWROOM.



THESE CHILDREN
LIVE IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.

WHAT POSSIBLE
CONNECTION COULD
THEY HAVE TO ME?

WHAT'RYA
SCARED?

AM NOT.

ARE TOO

AM NOT.

WILL YOU
TWO SHUT
UP?!



H-HERE
WE ARE...

WHO WOULD WANNA
LIVE IN A PLACE
LIKE THIS...?

THE GUY
NEVER COMES
OUT.

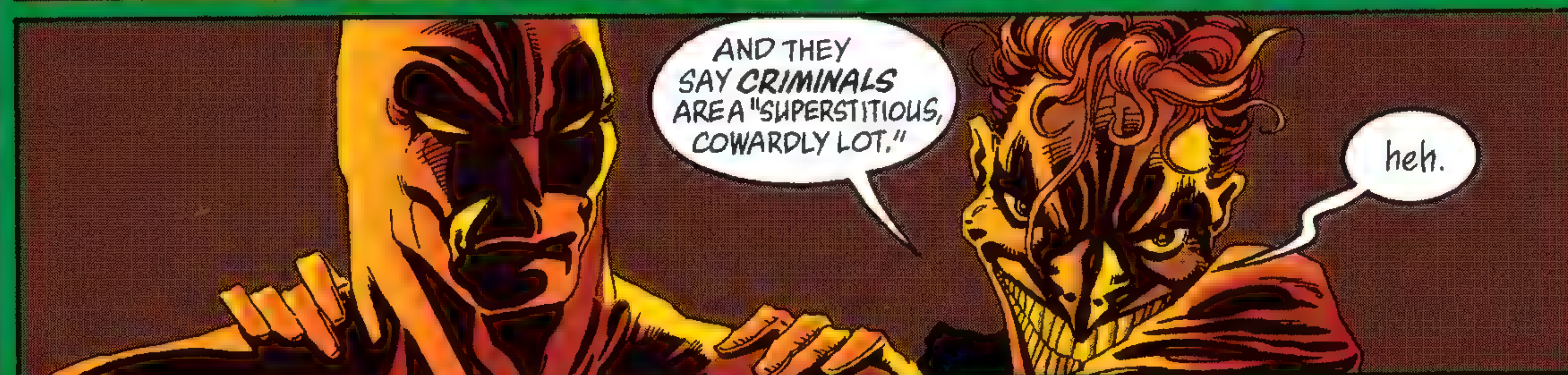
MY DAD TOLD
ME THE HOUSE
IS...



...HAUNTED!

YIKES!

LET'S
GET OUTTA
HERE!



AND THEY
SAY CRIMINALS
ARE A "SUPERSTITIOUS,
COWARDLY LOT."

heh.



YA KNOW...

COME TO
THINK OF IT.

NEITHER
ONE OF US HAS
ANY FRIENDS.

AND ANYBODY
WHO WOULD WANT
TO GET TO KNOW US
WOULD HAVE TO
BE--



NUTS!

I AM
NOT.

IN ANY
WAY.

LIKE
YOU.



OH, NO?

DIDJA GET A
GOOD GANDER AT
THOSE KIDS' FACES?



WELL, WELL,
LOOK AT THE
TIME.

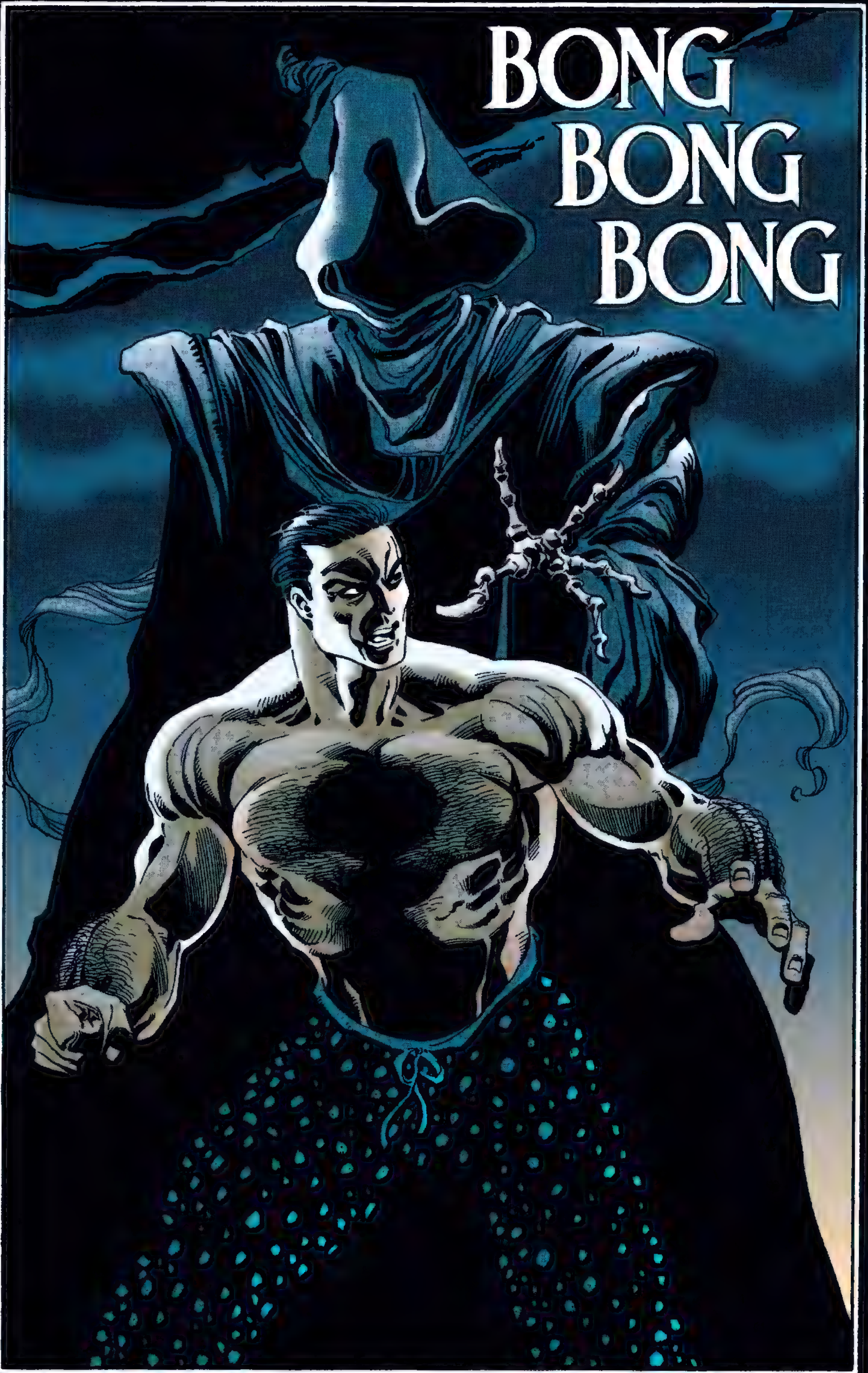
AND WE
WERE HAVING
SUCH FUN.

ONE MORE
GHOST TO GO,
BATBOOB.

AND
BELIEVE
ME...

...IT'S A
KILLER!

BONG
BONG
BONG



Cold.



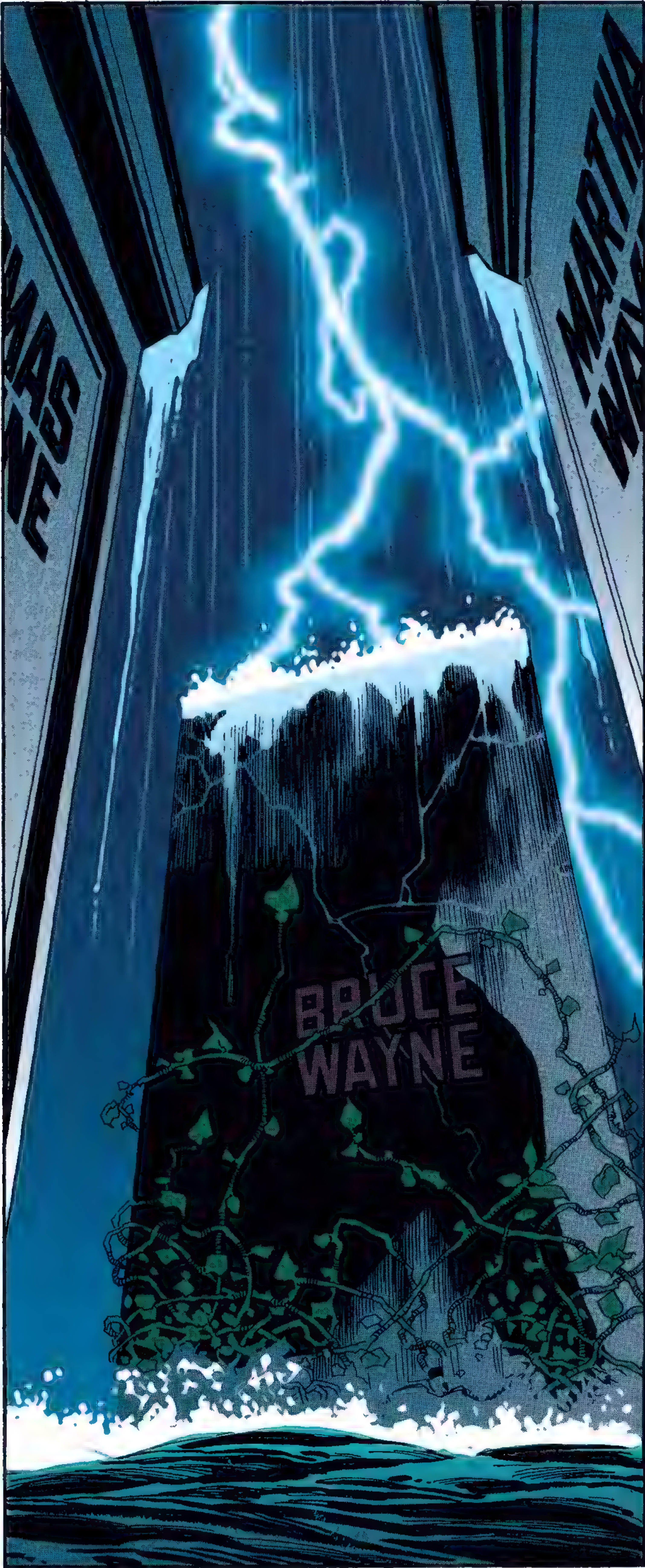
WHERE--

WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
THE HOUSE?!

WHERE IS
ALFRED?!





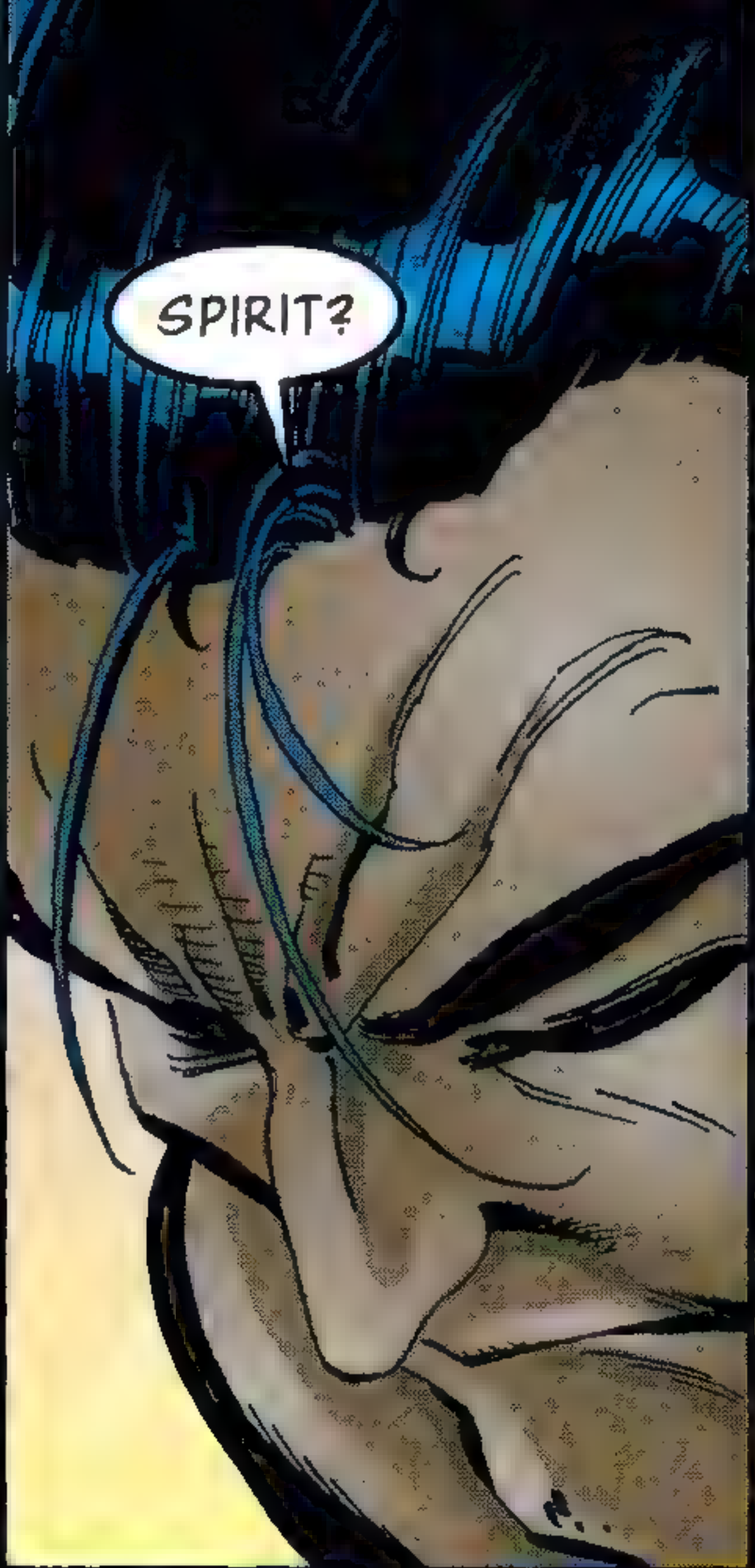


HOW?

HOW
DID THIS
HAPPEN?

HOW WAS
I SO EASILY
FORGOTTEN?





SPIRIT?



SPIRIT...

YES, I SLEPT
QUITE WELL,
THANK YOU.

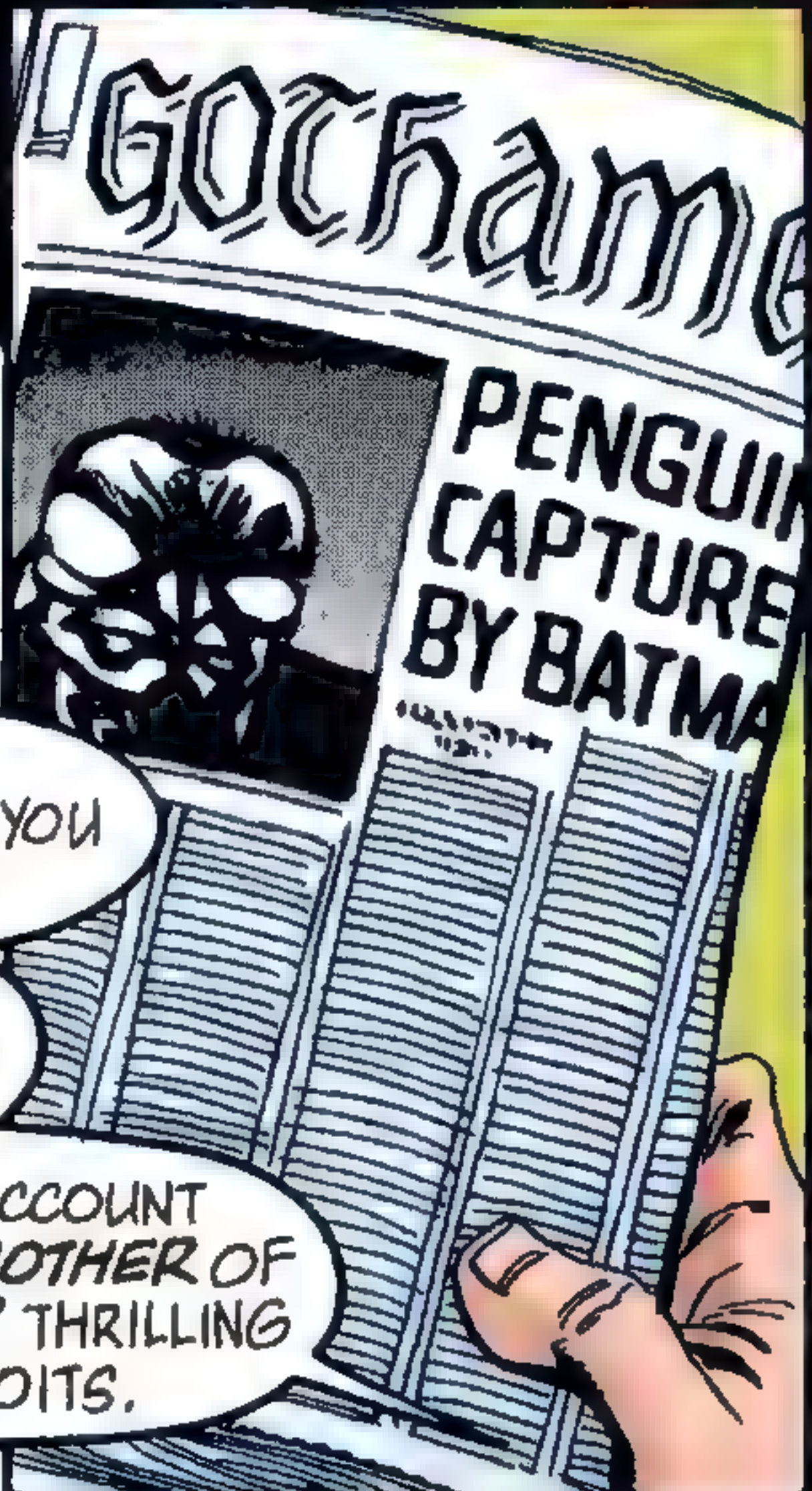
IT WAS YOU
WHO WENT TO BED
COMPLAINING OF
HAVING EATEN
SOMETHING--

-- "THAT DIDN'T
AGREE WITH YOU."

ALFRED!

WHAT IS THAT
YOU'RE SAYING,
SIR?

YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT
THEN!



I'VE
BROUGHT YOU
TEA.

PLAIN
TOAST.

AND AN ACCOUNT
OF YET ANOTHER OF
BATMAN'S THRILLING
EXPLOITS.

WHAT DAY
IS IT?

TODAY? WHY,
IT'S HALLOWEEN,
MASTER BRUCE.

TONIGHT WILL
BE FRAUGHT WITH
ALL SORTS OF
CRIMINAL AC-
TIVITY.

I ASSUME
YOU'LL WANT
YOUR COSTUME
PRESSED.

ALFRED, DO NOT ASSUME
ANYTHING!

All in one
night.



...and invite him
over for cocktails
this afternoon...

WELL?

I'M...
SOMETHING
AT A LOSS.

YOU'RE
SURE THIS IS
WHAT YOU WANT
TO DO?

NEVER BEEN
MORE CERTAIN OF
ANYTHING.

I WANT A WAY OF
KEEPING MY **NAME**,
REPUTATION--

--AND THE
WAYNE FORTUNE
ALIVE IN GOTHAM
CITY.

"THE WAYNE
FOUNDATION."

"TO HELP THE
LESS FORTUNATE."

I LIKE
IT. I WANT
IN.

BUT, BRUCE,
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
LAST NIGHT'S
SHOOTING--

ALL I KNOW IS--

--LAST NIGHT
WAS VERY
SPECIAL.

O-KAY. LOOK, I HATE TO
RUN OFF--

--I WANT TO SPEND
HALLOWEEN WITH
MY KIDS.

UNDER-
STANDABLE.

BEFORE
YOU GO--

--I HAVE
SOMETHING
THAT BELONGS
TO YOU.

MY MEDALLION...?

THE **POLICE**
CONTACTED ME
REGARDING THE
PENGUIN'S
LOOT--

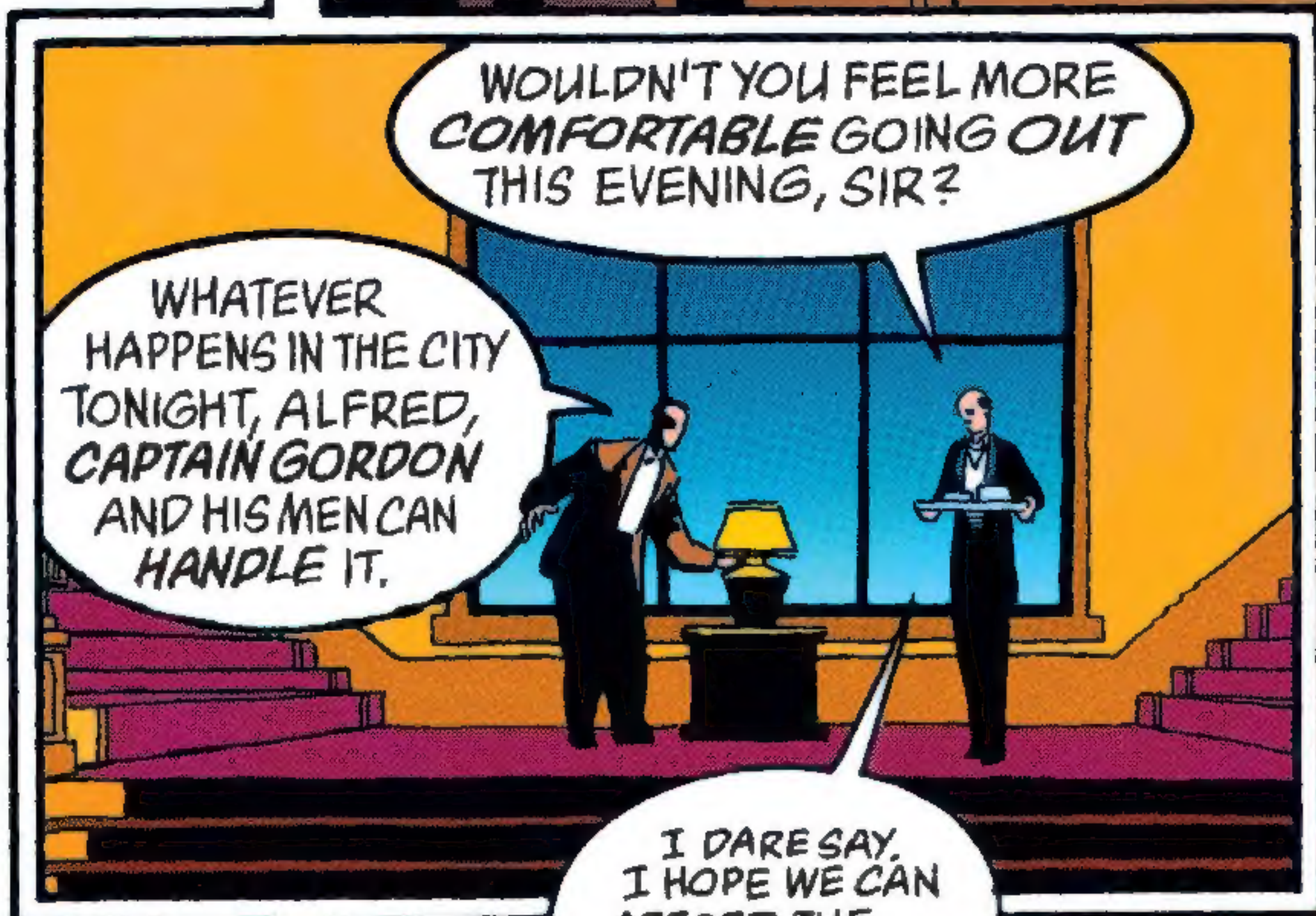
--AND I RECOGNIZED
YOUR...PIECE AND COULDN'T
RESIST RETURNING IT TO
YOU **AGAIN**.

I NEVER TOLD YOU
WHY THIS LITTLE THING
MEANS SO MUCH TO ME.

IT WAS A
GIFT FROM MY
FATHER. SILLY,
HUH?

NO, LUCIUS.

NOT
SILLY AT
ALL,



WOULDN'T YOU FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE GOING OUT THIS EVENING, SIR?

WHATEVER HAPPENS IN THE CITY TONIGHT, ALFRED, CAPTAIN GORDON AND HIS MEN CAN HANDLE IT.

I DARE SAY, I HOPE WE CAN AFFORD THE ELECTRIC BILL...



... I SCARCELY REMEMBER A TIME WHEN WE'VE HAD THIS MANY LIGHTS ON.

COOL...



TRICK OR TREAT!



HELLO.

I'll never truly understand what happened to me last night.

What's more, I'm not certain I want to.

Clearly, something had to be changed in my life.

And now... something has...

LOEB
SALE
1995

